



PUBLISHED BY THE

Armory Hall Debating Society,

HATFIELD, - - MASS.

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1877-8.

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Officers for the Winter of 1877-8.

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# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., DECEMBER 21, 1877.

NO. 1.

MRS. J. W. MADISON, . . . . Editress  
MRS. GEORGE DAY, Assistant “

## GREETING:—

With the first issue of this, our little sheet, we greet you our friends; hoping we shall receive the hearty support of all interested in our common labor.

We mean to make this the model paper of the age. Hoping that we shall meet with encouragement, financially, and that we may be successful in our undertaking, we are

Yours truly, THE EDITRESS.

## SALUTATORY.

We come before you this day, with high hopes and aspirations to help the cause of reform, both morally and socially. Hoping we shall meet with the approval of our friends and co-laborers in a good cause.

Coming before you as we do for the first time, we would ask you to overlook all mistakes and whatever we may do that does not exactly meet your views. We shall endeavor to be candid in our remarks, and as lenient in our reviews of the doings of society in general as possible.

The success of our paper depends upon the amount of encouragement it receives from the members of the society.

While the Editress and her assistant will spare no pains to make this paper what it should be, we will assume that members have something to add to lighten our burden.

We do not expect to carry on this enterprise without work, and hard work too. But whatever a man's capacity is for anything that is good, if there is no encouragement from any source his hopes are blighted, and failure of his undertaking stares him in the face.

Shall that be the fruit of our labor? Not while there is a word in the English language; not while our hands have power to move a pen; not if you follow the golden rule, and do by others as you would be done by if you were in our position. Ed.

## NOTES BY THE WAY.

There was a Praise Meeting held in Armory Hall Sunday evening last, Rev. Mr. Woods, pastor of the cong. church of this place presided. Mr. E. A. Hyde, Musical Director, led the Orchestra, and Mr. E. Hubbard the singing. It was pronounced a success by all present.

We have just discovered the reason for the continued warm weather and no snow.—Old Prob. was waiting for that young man to wear his white neck-tie to church once more.

We intend to have a column devoted to Hatfield Bachelors in our next issue. All correspondence in relation to them will be thankfully received.

Sodom has so far redeemed itself since the advent of Hyde & Shattuck, of Springfield, that it has gained for itself a new name, and will hereafter be called Pistolville.

The Reform Club met Monday evening last, over Mr. Smith's store on Main St. A motion was made to receive ladies as members and was lost.

The Go Ahead Club have great reason to be proud of the new Orchestra, who number among them some of the best players in the country.

Owing to the indisposition of some of our most able correspondents, we shall be short of matter for this paper, but hope to do better in our next.



## A MYSTERY.

Once on a time there lived in a sleepy old town a man noted for his superior dancing, and his love of garden sass. It happened on one warm, sunny day in spring, he bethought himself he would plant some squash seed of a choice variety. The seed was accordingly put into the earth with great care, and in a short time a vine came up, soon an immense blossom was seen. This man watched most anxiously for the next few days to see whether would appear the promised fruit of his labor. He was well rewarded, for a squash appeared; and lovingly he watched and waited. Under the warm rays of the sun and gentle summer showers, the squash grew and grew until it attained immense size. Now, thought he, I have triumphed over all my neighbors, "for nary one round here has such a squash as that." His mouth watered in anticipation of the luscious pies to be made when the wintry winds should howl around his dwelling.

But alas! for sinful man's fair delusions, as the season advanced and the squash had nearly reached maturity, some one coveted this man's possession. One night when all nature was hushed, this mammoth squash was purloined. Next morning, according to his usual custom, this man went to see how much his squash had grown during the night. Imagine his surprise and grief on discovering his loss. Verging on madness, tearing his hair, he rushed around his garden shrieking at the top of his voice: "Who stole my squash?" and echo answered who. And to this day the mystery has never been solved. This great lover of garden sass sighs in vain for squash pies, and swears vengeance on the man who stole Joe Coburn's squash.

## Advertisements.

Charles Wilkie shot a large Goss Hawk one day last week. It is quite a rare bird for this part of the country, being a native of the arctic region. It can be seen at G. M. Sherman's, Taxidermist and Naturalist, who performs all work in a workmanlike manner.

Hotel de Madison, No. 1 to 20, Porter Ave., Hatfield, Mass. J. W. Madison, Propr.  
Meals at all hours of the day or night. A good stable connected. ☞ Orders by mail or telegraph promptly attended to.

An honest man is one of the noblest works of God. Such a man can be found at the Grist Mill, R. P. Smith, Prop'r.

Groceries and Provisions of all kinds at E. M. Graves', Prospect St.

If you want a livery in town to be a go sir, You must patronize it well, and for it you must blow sir.

Good horses and carriages to be had of H. Shumway, Prospect St.

## Wants.

WANTED—A girl with red hair and green eyes, to marry the man that stole Joe Coburn's squash,

It gives me great pleasure to give in full, a communication from a new correspondent, of course withholding the name.

To the Editress of the Armory Journal.

Dear Madam—I take the liberty of sending you a conundrum for insertion in your valuable paper, (not having time for a more extended contribution) which is this: If it takes a rooster a week to eat a bushel of sawdust, how long will it take him to make a board 16 ft. in length? Query. Yours, etc.

We should be glad of an answer for our next paper, for I think we shall have to give it up.

## Conundrums.

What is the difference between our worthy Musical Director and a tallow candle?—One is Hyde and the other tallow.

A good temperance work.—Removing the bars from the mouth of the Mississippi.

Why can't a temperance man kiss a Jewess?—Because he has sworn not to taste Jew-lips.

When is beer not beer?—When it is a little tart.

Why is President Warriner's 15 cts. like a ship?—Because it was made on the stocks.

What is the difference between a horse car conductor and a man fond of his tippie?—One don't like to punch a pass and the other don't like to pass a punch.

Why will not our worthy Vice President make a good prophet?—Because he knows not what a Day will bring forth.

What is it God never sees, Washington seldom saw, and we see every day?—His equal.

"Joseph C.," said his wife with great severity, "I saw you coming out of that saloon this afternoon." "Well," replied the obdurate Joe, "you wouldn't have me stay in there would you?"

Will S.—went into the barber shop the other day to be scraped. The barber having adjusted the cloth and soaped his smooth skin left him, and went lounging about the door. As soon as Will saw him sauntering around, he impatiently called out. "Well, what are you leaving me all this time for?" "Sir," said the barber, "I'm waiting for your beard to grow."

"Oh I'm dead! I'm dead!" yelled Rogers as he ran into the house the other night. "What is the matter, asked his affectionate boarding mistress. "O! I ran into the fence and stuck a knot-hole into my trousers."

# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., DECEMBER 28, 1877.

NO. 2.

MRS. J. W. MADISON, . . . . Editress  
MRS. GEORGE DAY, Assistant “

The clear, warm weather of the present time is something very remarkable for this climate, where as Mark Twain remarks, one can find the greatest variety of weather in the shortest space of time. Whether as good for health or not we leave for others to decide, but it is certainly very pleasant for all those that have leasure to enjoy it; and especially pleasant must that young man have found it, when he attempted to take a bath through the ice one day last week.

Christmas has come and gone, and we are about to enter upon another year. How often we say at the beginning of the New Year, I have not lived aright in the year that is past, now for the next year, I will try and do all the good I can that I may be better satisfied with myself at the end of this year than the last. But the duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay, who yet intend some time to fulfill them. It was therefore necessary that this universal reluctance should be counteracted; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view. To this end the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see on every side reminds us of the lapse of time. The day has been considered as the image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the lapse of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and after an absence of twenty years, wonder at our return to find her faded. We meet

those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. Let him that desires to see others happy make haste to give, while his gift can be enjoyed; and let him who proposes his own happiness, reflect that while he forms his purpose, “the day rolls on and the night cometh when no man can work.” Ed’s.

To the Editress of Armory Journal.

Herewith please find a few productions for the Journal. May the paper which we all agree we cannot get along without, long continue in the hands of the present management

A woman is far more sensitive than a man. She has finer feelings, and a more delicate mind. There are very few men who realize this, and in consequence woman is made to endure much unnecessary suffering. One of our merchants was going to church with his wife on Sunday morning, when she suddenly stopped and put her hand to her head. “What’s the matter?” he asked, startled by a look on her face. “Oh! I have got on my brown hat.” “Oh!” ejaculated the astonished man. She burst into tears. “Why, my dear, what is the matter with you?” he demanded. “Don’t you see what is the matter?” she returned in a sobbing voice. “I’ve got on my brown hat with my striped silk; Oh! what will people say.”

Some where in Hatfield lives an honest man. A cow was recently discovered with a bit of paper fastened to her horn containing six cents and this note. “Enclosed find six cents for damage done by my cow while feeding on your land.”

Better to have loved a short girl, than never to have loved a-tall.

Pic-nic sandwiches are the latest. They are made by taking a good looking fellow and putting him between two jealous girls.

Henry K. is an ambitious fellow. The other evening he planted himself in the barber's chair, muttering at the same time, "I want to get shaved." Evidently he had forgotten the sad experience of Will S. (who, by the way, has postponed shaving until after Easter.) Turning up the lights, the barber, with shears in hand, prepared to trim something, we wont say what. "Not that," said Henry, "I said shaved." The barber will shave no more beards like Henry's, until Will S's. gets grown.

A man can't help what's done behind his back, as the tramp said, as he was kicked out of doors.

An old bachelor was courting a widow, and both sought the art to give their fading hair a darker shade. "That is going to be an affectionate couple," observed a wag. "How so," asked a friend. "Why, don't you see, they are dying for each other already," was the timely reply.

Charles Dickens says, that "The first external revelation of the dry rot in men, is a tendency to loaf, lounge; to be at street corners without intelligible reason; to be about many places rather than any; to do nothing tangible, or to have an intention of performing a number of tangible duties to-morrow, or the day after."

"Mamma, where do cows get their milk," asked Willie, looking from the foaming pan of milk which he had been intently regarding. "Where do you get your tears," was the answer. After a thoughtful silence, he again broke out. "Mamma, do the cows have to be spanked?"

One hundred and four years ago, ending Nov. 16, there was a grand tea party in Boston. The sea drank the tea, which made the land free; so mote it be.

An Indian said when he first heard of it, he was much surprised that the white man killed his Saviour, but since he knew them, he wondered they didn't steal his clothes.

Photographer.—"Now sir, if you will look a little less as though you had a bill to meet, and more as though you had a legacy left you, you'll get a picture."

Where knowledge is duty, ignorance is a crime.—[Thomas Paine.

"But I pass," said a minister one Sunday, in dismissing one theme of his subject to take up another. "Then I make it spades," yelled a man from the gallery, who was dreaming away the happy hours of an imaginary game of euchre. It is needless to say that he went out on the next deal, being assisted by one of the deacons, with a full hand of clubs.

Some one observing in a time of public calamity and danger, that the inhabitants of a certain district crowded the churches as they had not done before, said: It reminded one of the old Scotch lady at sea in a storm, who asked the captain what the chances were "Madam," said the seaman, solemnly, "we trust in God." "Och! sirs, and has it come to that?" said the frightened dame.

Owing to the press of matter, we shall be unable to give our bachelors a chance this week.

### Wants.

WANTED.—Four policemen, to stop the dam roaring.

WANTED.—A cup of sweet cream and six young cats, to clean the faces of the young men of Pistolville.



## NOTES BY THE WAY.

There wasn't much cider made this year, hence a greater demand for (J.) Adams' Ale.

That drain tile chimney still exists, and unless the society for protection of cruelty to animals order otherwise, it will be preserved for the next centennial.

To the Editress of the Journal.

Dear Madam.—Did it ever strike you that we have so many illustrious names in the Go Ahead and Debating Club?

For Shakspearean characters, if we have no Pythias we have a most excellent Damon; likewise one Richmond in the field who is equal to the whole five; and if no Richard the 3d, we have one (1) Richard Pearsall. For poet we have our Burns, and although the club is a temperate one, we must own that we like our Porter; and then for an apostle, if not a Father Mathew, we hope he may be one before long. In our worthy musical director, we find one at least who obeys divine precepts, as he don't Hyde his light (musically speaking,) under a bushel, and our Lady Madison, though mild as a May morning, we all know that if circumstances demand, there is war-in-her. (Warriner) Last though not least, for Martyrs we have Rogers, though not burnt at the stake, we are afraid will become a martyr to some one's bright eyes and rosy cheeks. Yours paternally, R. M.

## THE WORM.

Who has not heard of the rattlesnake or copperhead. An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make ever the lords of creation recoil; but there is a species of worm found in various parts of the country which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly, that, compared with it, even the venom of the rattlesnake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind, is the object of this communication. This worm varies

much in size. It is frequently an inch through, but, as it is rarely seen, except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull lead color, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people who are in the habit of going there to drink. The brute creation is never molested. The symptoms of its bite are terrible. The eyes of the patient becomes red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his utterance, and delirium of the most horrid character quickly follows. Sometimes in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends. In a word, he exhibits to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and such is the spell in which his senses are locked, that no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm of insanity occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the destroyer, for the sole purpose of being bitten again. I have seen a good old father, his locks white as snow; his step slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only son to quit the lurking place of the worm, and my heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope, that his son would be the staff of his declining years had supported him through many a sorrow. Youths of Hatfield, would you know the name of this worm? It is called the Worm of the Still,

## Advertisements.

A reward of \$500 will be paid for a family flour that will excel the Sea Foam for family use. Sold by E. M. Graves, No. 8, Prospect St.

A reward of \$50 will be paid for the name of the person who took possession of my barber chair and obstinately refused to give his or her name during my absence yesterday.  
Oliver Irwin.

This is to certify, that on and after this date, Jan. 1, 1878, all Taxes unpaid will be promptly attended to. The Collector can be found at his office at S. G. Curtis', part of the time. Any parties needing a deaf and dumb interpreter can find a man well skilled in the business at E. M. Graves' store. Also, tickets to Florida, and information concerning the climate, etc. A good place for consumptives.

Would refer to Collector Doane, and others, as to character and ability.

Call upon our Milliner and Dress Maker today. She will show you fashions fresh and new, from Madame Demorest. Mrs. Arthur Curtis, Prospect St.

If you want to save your sole in season, you must go sir, right over to the Shoemaker, he wants a job I know sir.

# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., JANUARY 18, 1878.

NO. 3.

MRS. J. W. MADISON, . . . . Editress  
MRS. GEORGE DAY, Assistant “

## DOWN HILL.

A story they tell of a lunatic man,  
Who rode down hill in a warming pan;  
He steered himself by the handle of course,  
And clucked away as he would to a horse.

His legs, it is true were some what in the way,  
And his seat rather tight, if a body might  
say;  
But he landed all right at the foot of the hill,  
And for all I know, is sitting there still.

You smile at the story, and wonder how folks  
Can get from their brains such a terrible  
hoax;  
But sliding down hill is many a man,  
On a much worse thing than a warming pan.

Some are going down at full speed on their  
pride,  
And others who on their stinginess slide;  
But the strangest way of taking that ride,  
Is to go as some do on a jug astride.

Beware of such coasting, or like Jack and Gill,  
You'll make sorry work in getting down hill;  
Beware! for with what other evils you tug,  
Tis nothing like sliding down hill on a jug.

We hear much said at the present time, upon the subject of temperence. How can we best control the evil? is the question we hear asked on every hand. The writer visited Academy Hall a few weeks ago, and listened to what N. D. Parsons had to say about the evil. Moral Suasion, he thinks best fitted to grapple with the enemy of humanity. We agree perfectly with Mr. P. Moral suasion has saved more men from a drunkard's doom, than any other application brains have conceived. When we have witnessed the thorough reformation of some poor unfortunate, the greatest benefit we can render him, is to extend the warm hand of sympathy and friendship. Little kindnesses have more effect upon men than com-

pulsion. When you see a poor unfortunate who has become a slave to habit, whose better nature you would reach, take him by the hand, and by cheering words and kind actions endeavor to win him from the bane of life. Pass not by the man who has been down in the world and seeks to regain his former standing. Remember the greatest good we can do in this world, is to help the man who would lead a better life.

Would that every town in this Commonwealth had an N. D. Parsons in it; would that those who talk temperence, yet stand afar off, would get down to a level with common humanity; would that those who love the cause go out into the highways and byways and gather in those who have become slaves to a habit; Then, and not till then, will temperence prosper. The attempt to wholly control the evil through legislation alone, will result only in failure. The failure of a prohibitory law to control or even modify, has been demonstrated beyond the peradventure of a doubt. Its sale can be better modified under license, and the victims reached through moral suasion. These two controlling elements can reform.

Members of Armory Hall Debating Society, I am not a temperence lecturer, yet my interest in humanity is equally great with yours. I am a license moral suasion man. I believe from observation and common report, that greater and better results can be accomplished through the agencies I have mentioned than from any other. I believe if you would snatch from a terrible doom one who has become addicted to intemperence, you must put if necessary, your very soul into the work of reformation.

You cannot do this by talking temperance, or by spending your time in discussing the propriety of sending men to legislature, who will spend their time vainly. Go into the work yourselves; make a personal thing of it, and not stand afar off, and talk what is never accomplished. Then you will help to raise up some one that has fallen; then will you fulfill the mission for which you was created.

D. B.

The old maxim "Be chaste, and you will be happy," is contradicted point blank, by a Black Hill's man, who was recently chased ten miles by a party of Indians.

A Kansas farmer purchased a revolver for his wife and insisted on target practice, so that she might defend her house in case of his absence. After the bullet had been dug out of his leg, and the cow buried, he said he guessed that she had better shoot with an axe.

A young lady asked her young man why he called her his Ultra, and he replied, that it was a Latin quotation. "This," said he, "is my knee, and when I add you to it, I have my knee plus ultra, which is Latin for I don't want anything more on my knee. Don't you see my darling?" She said she did.

#### COMICAL CADENCES.

##### THE YOUNG POET'S LAMENT.

T'was ever thus; from childhood's time,  
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;  
Ne'er sent in a little rhyme  
But what it was returned next day.

I never offered e'en a verse,  
A poem, ballad or a sonnet,  
But what, and off with muttered curse,  
The editor sat down upon it.

In reading a hymn to be sung, one Sunday, a New York minister recently said, "You may omit the fourth verse; I don't believe it's true."

A thief who knocked down a poor blind man and took his money, very coolly said when arrested, that he had only "Pulled down the blind."

#### WHAT OF A SMILE?

Why, very much of it. It expresses a good part of a person's character. If we meet with one that seems as if it were indelibly set on a human face, it is a repulsive feature rather than the contrary. Nothing so prejudices one against the sincerity of another, as to see on his face an eternal grin. A smile when it is an inspiration,—as all unthought of smiles are—comes from the very soul. It is a birth of its own, and radiates a genial influence, to which scarcely anything can be compared. If those who dispense these sweet favors over society, could but be conscious of their secret power, blessing hearts every where they go, we should see more gifts of this sort scattered generously around, and live to know that both giver and receiver are made happy by the bestowal. What a mystery is folded away in the wrinkles of the face; in the mere play of the facial muscles; even a glance, a turn of the head, can make one happy or wretched, such is the secret power of unspoken language.

Be wise! for by gaining wisdom you also gain an eminence from which no shaft of malice can hurl you.

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into its nest.—C. W.

We trust that the old gentleman whose sleep is so much disturbed nights by the barking of his little "Dandy," wont have occasion to call a medical man to alleviate his sufferings.

The Troy butcher who hanged himself in his ice box, has furnished the coolest case of suicide on record.



## NOTES BY THE WAY.

The Sunday evening prayer meetings held at Armory Hall, are well attended, and the time fully occupied.

A special meeting called Monday evening, Dec. 31, by the President of the Go Ahead Club, resulted in a vote being taken to hold a social meeting at Armory Hall, Jan 1, 7 1-2 o'clock, P.M.

At the appointed time a goodly number gathered, and awaited the coming of the President to tell them what to do. Finally, some one proposed singing, and Prof. Collins led in a number of Moody and Sankey hymns, but not having Parliamentary rules to govern the meeting, the singers came near getting demoralized, as each individual singer was ambitious to be heard; consequently, the singing resembled the noise made by a party of escaped lunatics. Tax Collector Doane rendered efficient aid in all hymns familiar to him, (and in some that were not.) After singing, some instrumental music was enjoyed. Prof. Day and Wife performing on instruments of a novel description, patented by the Fijee Islanders. They done great credit to themselves, and amused the audience greatly. The whole affair wound up with a dance. It was evident that all were well pleased with the evening's entertainment. The only thing forgotten was to return a vote of thanks to the President for the entertainment. When next we meet, may he be there to see.

There has been considerable surprise expressed at seeing so many people in Pistolville, and more especially since the Go Ahead Club have had gatherings at Armory Hall. People seem quite surprised at seeing such a nice class of people come from a pistol shop. There is also some surprise expressed on the other hand. To illustrate: A short time ago, a lady from Pistolville was visiting her native place. Meeting an acquaintance (an old gray headed Physician,) on the street, he very naturally enquired where she lived. The answer was, "in Hatfield." With a look of unutterable contempt on his face, he ejaculated, "Good God! in Hatfield?"

## Conundrums.

Why is a brass band leader like a whist player?—Whatever his opponent plays he is always ready to trumpet.—[Shiner.

Why is a certain young lady of our club like an artist?—Because she applies the finishing touch to the products of the pistol shop.

What two things in nature are detestable.—A girl who is trying to be a woman, and a woman who is trying to be a girl.

Why is a kiss like a sewing machine?—Because it seems so good.

What is the difference between a girl and a night-cap?—One is born to wed and the other worn to bed.

What two members add so much lustre to our debating club?—Day and Martin.

[Shine 'em up.

Why is Will Thayer like an old toper?—Because he likes his Jule-lips.

Why is Mathews the counterpart of friend Doane?—Because they both embrace their Sarabs.

Why is Rogers likened unto his Satanic Majesty?—Because fire is his element.

LOST.—A piece of the third finger of the right hand. Any one finding the same, will be suitably rewarded on leaving it with the owner. G. E. Day.

"John," said a young lady once on a time, "do you really know why I concluded to accept you?" "Can't say as I do," said John. "Well, it's because I loved my Porter so."

P. S.—That same lady is known to have signed the pledge recently.

## A LITTLE MORE SQUASH.

The trial of our neighbor Doane for the theft of a squash, was held at Armory Hall, on Friday eve. last. The case was conducted by skillful lawyers. The witnesses were certainly well posted as to their business, and if any truths were spoken, it all had so much the appearance of being a lie that the audience did not detect the difference. Judge Graves made a very thrilling address to the jury, and had the prisoner a few of his 19 children there, there is no doubt what the verdict would have been.

## Married.

At Podunk Hollow, the 33 inst. by the Rev. Cooking Salts, Elijah Lyon to Miss Patience Lamb. And the Lyon and the Lamb shall lie down together, and a little child shall lead them.

At Caper Town, the 32, by the Rev. Z. Y. Ander, Ionabod Pepper and Prudence Spice. Although tired of spice, she will stick to pepper for seasoning.



**Bachelors' Column.**

Hatfield Bachelors, who are Lonely.

A. A. LEWIS.

Here we have a model young man, about 30 years old, medium height. A pleasant, good humored fellow, who does not indulge in the flowing bowl. He has a nice little farm down in old Ct., and reputed to have the dollars. Go for him! girls, before he takes wing.

C. H. MATHEWS.

Another young man, six feet in height; long and lank, but still not happy. Must be between 25 and 30 years of age; bas auburn hair, and is a great lover of dancing. It is said, he likes to go to Florence while "the bells go a ringing for Sarah." He has the cash, and was once Capt. of a Hudson River steamer. Don't let him get away, ladies, for he will make a splendid catch.

SETH R. CROOKER.

Now we have a man that is a man; a member of a reform club, having occupied the chair once. He is about 40 years old, and 5 ft. 7 inches high, and has a splendid mustache. He is a native of the land of steady habits, and would make a splendid husband. Don't lose him. Odd Fellow.

Monday evening we had the pleasure of listening to N. D. Parsons, and were highly entertained. Were disappointed in not seeing more sign the pledge that evening, but were amply rewarded by hearing that on Wednesday evening when the invitation was given, our boys responded to a man. We take great pleasure in saying, that now we have a temperance party of our own. Ladies, see to it that our influence be such, that it will help all to keep their pledge to the letter.

The Go Ahead Club was taken by surprise last evening, at their regular hop, by a large party from Haydenville. Although against the rules of the club, the dancing was kept up until 2 o'clock this morning, on their account. All seemed to enjoy the dancing in spite of the crowd, and perfect order prevailed as usual.

With the next issue of our paper, it passes into other hands. We extend our best wishes to our successors, and ask for the hearty co-operation of all interested. Many thanks for the aid we have received in the weeks that are past. Ed's.

# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., JANUARY 25, 1878.

NO. 4.

MRS. A. DAMON, . . . . . Editress  
MISS C. WILKIE, Assistant

## EDITORIAL.

We come before our friends to-night with sad faces and sorrowful hearts. The sympathy of all is with the bereaved home of one of our number. His ways are indeed mysterious, and past finding out; who gathers the lambs to his bosom.

With this number of the Journal, (which we take with some misgivings from our able predecessors,) we make our first bow to the public, and can only hope that this same public will not be too exacting, on account of the previous excellence of this promising sheet. If, as you may think, and perhaps with

reason, we are dull and stupid, you have an opportunity to assist in our arduous duties, and if we make mistakes, others have done so before. We shall endeavor to give you a variety, and each one must select the portion most palatable.

Resolutions passed by the Armory Hall Debating Club, Tuesday Eve. Jan. 22, 1878.

WHEREAS, it has pleased the Almighty God to permit the sad bereavement to fall on our worthy Ex-President, George L. Warriner, by the sudden removal of his son,

RESOLVED, therefore, that this Society does extend its most heartfelt sympathy to the parents and friends of the deceased.

RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the bereaved parents, and also published in the Armory Journal.

J. Madison, Geo. Day, J. Coburn, Committee.

Pure truth, like pure gold, has been found unfit for circulation, because men have discovered that it is far more convenient to adulterate the truth than refine themselves.

This Debating Club is kindly admonished to avoid the rock on which the West Cummington Debating Club split, namely, "Endless Punishment."

### Wants.

WANTED—Homes in the country, for 3 fine, healthy male children; ages ranging from 25 to 30 years. Said children will be turned adrift upon the cold, cruel world, unless they P. T. B. by Jan. 26. For particulars, enquire at the little house in the lot. Pistolville.

Fire escape:—The husband who lies abed in the morning, until his wife gets up and builds the fire.

"Biddy," said a good-wife, whose chief fault was, that she was occasionally absent minded, when her words did not flow in the right order. "Biddy," now you may go and milk the hens, and see if the cows have laid any eggs; and tell the pig to give John some swill and clean straw for a bed." Biddy looked perplexed, but obeyed, according to her private judgment.

If you call this coffee, said Sam, to his boarding mistress, you don't know beans.

Once upon a time, Dean Stanley, going to the Abbey, put his gloves into his hat. Returning home, he said to his wife, "Somehow, the congregation seemed to gaze upon me to-day with a peculiar interest, while I was preaching." "I don't wonder," said Lady Stanley, "for during your entire sermon, your gloves rested on the top of your head."

Pat was helping Mr. S.— put a safe in the office, when the following dialogue ensued: Says Pat, "will nothing ever burn that's put inside of this thing?" "No," said Mr. S.—, "it is fireproof." "Ah! sure then," says Pat, "ye had better be after getting into that same when ye die."

### HOW TO SUCCEED.

Boys, the world is wide. If you wish to be somebody, "pitch in!" The brave always have friends. Where others have gone, you can go. If the old track don't suit, make a new one; somebody will walk in it.

Success is never obtained in a country like this, without an effort. If you fail once, try it again; if you fall down, get up again; if it is dark, strike a light; if you are in the shade, move around, for

if there is shade on one side, there is sunshine on the other.

It takes longer to skin an elephant than a mouse, but then the skin is worth something. Take time, boys—don't hurry too fast. Go slow, especially till you know the road, or become acquainted with your team.

Don't stop to club whiffets; don't stop to retail gossip; but go on minding your own business.

You are learning a trade. That is a good thing to have; it is better than gold—brings a larger premium. But to bring a premium, the trade must be perfect; no silver plated affair. Determine in your mind to be a good workman, or let the job out. Learning a trade, is different from eating mush and milk.—Mechanical education does not slip down without chewing. Never slight your work. Every job you do is a sign;—poor signs are against success.

This is a queer world; many people are watching us, and help often comes when, and from whom we least expect.

As you prove worthy, so will your reward of success be. There is a rich reward in success, which none but those who strive, can ever enjoy.

We regret to learn of the intended removal from Pistolville, of our esteemed Vice-President, A. A. Lewis. Our good wishes go with him. May our loss be his gain. Ed's.

### WHAT WE HOPE FOR.

That Pistolville will cherish their "Graves" tenderly. May their "Burns" leave no scars. May their "Days" never be turned into nights, but to continue to shine with undimmed brilliancy. May their "Martins" never be silent, but continue to favor us with their cheerful songs. May their "Adam" soon find an Eve. And may they ever keep on hand their excellent "Porter" and "Mead." T.

Said a negro preacher to his flock:— "We have a collection to take this morning, for the Glory of Heaven. Now, which of you stole Mr. Smith's sheep, don't put anything on the plate."

An Illinois famer says: "My cattle will follow me until I leave the lot, and on the way up to the barnyard in the evening, stop and

call for a lock of hay." Brown says there is nothing remarkable about that; he went into a barnyard in the country one day last week, where he had not the slightest acquaintance with the cattle; and an old bull not only followed him until he left the lot, but took the gate off its hinges, and raced with him to the house, in the most familiar way possible. Brown says he has no doubt, that the old fellow would have called for something, if he had waited a little while, but he did not want to keep the folks waiting for dinner, so he hung one tail of his coat, and part of his pants on his horns, and went into the house.

### Conundrums.

Why is a hen immortal?—Because her son (sun) never sets.

How can you shoot 120 hares at one shot?—Fire at a wig.

Who is your greatest friend?—Your nose; because it will run for you till it drops.

Why is dancing like new milk?—Because it strengthens the calves.

### Advertisements.

He who by his biz would rise,  
Must either bust or advertise.

DR. ROBERT BURNS,

Physician and Surgeon. New and choice instruments, free of charge to patients. Office hours: from 7 to 9, P. M.

DAY & PORTER,

Attorneys at Law. All cases promptly attended to. Patronage is solicited.

LAW OFFICE OF LEWIS & CROOKER.

The attention of residents of Pistolville, is especially called to this enterprising firm. In the absence of either member of this firm, business will be conducted by the other remaining member. A.

Lines on the death of Eddie A. Warriner,  
Drowned Jan. 21, 1878.

Passed from out the earthly portals,  
From our yearning love and sight,  
To the glory of immortals,  
To the crown of life and light.  
Happy boy!—oh! blest awaking,  
Never more to know the night.

Weary mourners, weep no longer,  
He you all so deeply miss,  
Only made the bands but stronger,  
Leading from that home to this;  
From this lonely, sorrowing circle,  
To the gates of perfect bliss.

Schoolmates, that must miss his greeting,  
Let your hearts be sad no more;  
Teacher, he that left your teaching,  
Waits, but on that radiant shore;  
Joined to classes far above you,  
That are perfect ever-more.

When you think of little Eddie,  
Here no longer by your side,  
Do not say,—“I was not ready,  
Yet my only son hath died?”  
Say,—“we have a *child* in glory,  
With the Holy Crucified.”



# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY 1, 1878.

NO. 5.

MRS. A. DAMON, . . . . . Editress  
MISS C. WILKIE, Assistant “

With this number of the Journal, we commence the second month of the year, before we are accustomed to writing 1878. Behold a twelveth of its days have departed.

Now in the midst of our New England winter, perhaps it will not be amiss to glance at life at this season, which seems to us a two-sided one.

When we face the pitiless storm; when the sharp cold, nips ears and fingers; when the rude blasts howl around our dwellings; (and they faithfully howl most of the time here in Pistolville,) then, these things give to winter a bleak and dreary aspect. But, if the fire always does go out, the coldest nights, (and whose does not?) and if we do take for waste paper, some choice selections intended for the Journal,—not to discover our loss until all is blazing,—these are merely trifles. Think of the sunny side; there are the long evenings at the fireside, that the cold blast renders more cheerful by contrast. A walk in the bracing air, never fails to send a thrill of health through our being, saying that old winter has a good share of health to bless those who will.

What shall we say of gatherings enlivened by song and dance? Not least among which is our Lyceum. It makes little difference how we agree, as regards Indian or Negro civilization, or barbarism, so long as we take all the pleasure that comes our way, to make old winter's hours less tedious.

Those who have sent in contributions, will please accept our thanks for promptness, while those who are think-

ing of assisting us sometime, will please consider how grateful we shall feel when we receive their contributions, provided it is in our editorial days.

“Well, my son,” said a Hatfield father, to his eight-year-old, the other night. “What have you done to-day, that may be set down as a good deed?” “Gave a poor boy five cents,” replied the hopeful. “Ah! that was charity, and charity is always right. He was an orphan boy, wasn't he?” “I didn't stop to ask,” replied the boy. “I gave him the money for licking a boy who upset my basket.”

## Wants.

WANTED—Several first-class, young men, with mustaches, to hang around the vestibules of the church in H—d, to stare at the females as they pass out. Young men who understand the use of tobacco, preferred. No young man accepted who can't stare the brass buttons off a military coat, at twenty paces. This is a rare chance for young men of real genius. Salary payable weekly, and references exchanged.

WANTED—To know when our dramatic entertainment may be expected?

WANTED—A few smart men, as agents, to sell the gas that has accumulated in Pistolville, for the past few weeks.

## Hatfield Market.

Market this week, characterized by great unsteadiness; and, though pressed for space, we make room to oblige.

Wheat,—rather low; so low, that bread don't rise.

Chaff,—great supply; and is to be regretted, that the chaff should so exceed the wheat.

Neighborhoodly Animosities,—rather looking up; market firm.

Common Sense—market bare; hardly worth noticing; seldom brought in, and seldom called for.

News—great enquiry; small receipts.

Miss E. was looking at a picture of Arab life. “Beautiful!” she exclaimed. “I wish you'd tell me ma'am, what that represents,” spoke up a man, standing by, with his wife. “Why! that is plain enough; it is an Arab Sheik, sitting at the door of his tent, surrounded by his wives.” “What's she say?” asked his wife, who was slightly deaf. “She says,” said the man, “that it's a man with the shakes, being taken care of by his wives.”



Somebody wrote to the editor of a village paper, to ask how he would break an ox. The editor replies:—"If only one ox, a good way would be, to hoist him by means of a long chain attached to his tail, to the top of a pole, forty feet from the ground; then hoist him by a rope tied to his horns, to another pole; then descend on his back a five-ton pile driver, and if that don't break him, let him start a country newspaper, and trust. One of the ways will do it, sure."

## COBWEBS.

The skill exhibited by the spider in spinning its web, and the cunning it manifests in entrapping its prey, fills us with wonderment. But not so, when men like the spider, choose instruments of their power with the same skill and cunning. Speculation weaves for the visionary man, a delicate structure in which many become entangled and ruined. One of the greatest and most dangerous of cobwebs, is that spread out to catch the innocent traveller, by what are called confidence men. There are cobwebs in our government, spun by men entrusted with the safety and happiness of the people. There is still another web, which entangles alike, the rich and the poor; the high and the low; the young and the old. It is intemperance. The tempter winds his silken cords around the victim, and quickly draws him into the snare, from which he may not hope to escape.

These are but a few of the many cobwebs, thrown around life's pathway. But, as the years roll on, the webs which seem all aglow with tangles of gold and silver threads, and charm, as in our youthful days, will be brushed away by the hand of time.

Question for a debating society.—Which is the butt end of a goat?

Considerate father: "You should eat Graham bread my son, it makes bone." "H'm, I am but all bones now."

"Goodness! Bridget, what's the matter, are you ill?" "Faith, mum! I just broke an egg by accident, so I swallowed it in a hurry so as not to lose it, and it had a chicken in it, mum, and to-day's Friday. Och! wurra! wurra!"

A gentleman who had tarried late at a wine supper, found his wife awaiting his return in a high state of nervousness. Said she: "Here I've been waiting and rocking in a chair, till my head swims round like a top." "Jess so where I've been," responded he. "It's in the atmosphere."

## Conundrums.

Mr. Spinks is not going to do any more on conundrums. He asked his wife why he was like a donkey, and she said, because he was born so. But he says the answer is different from that.

Why are crockery ware dealers unlike other shopkeepers?—Because it wont do to crack up their goods.

Why is a young lady like a steam engine?—Because she sends the sparks off.

What is the difference between a man being out of money, and out of temper?—When he is out of money, he shows the least of it; when he is out of temper, he shows the most of it.

Why is a letter like a flock of sheep?—Because it is penned and folded.

Why is a nursery a good place for dancing?—Because it is a regular bawl room.

Why are your eyes like friends separated by distant climes?—They correspond but never meet.

Why are the fixed stars like pen, ink and paper?—Because they are stationery.

When the enterprising butcher's clerk "set up on his own hook," did he find a comfortable seat? That's what we want to know.

## TOUCHES ON THE QUESTION.

Who shall tell the power of woman?

Who shall draw the boundary line?

Where her ready steps may falter,—

Or have failed her, in all time.

Is it mind or heart that's wanting?

Is it courage, high and strong?

These were ever, woman's birthright,

And to her in truth belong.

'Twas the wife of great Columbus,

That with prophet seeing eyes,

Saw across the heaving ocean

This fair land of promise rise.

Ready, in its pristine beauty

For the bulwark of the free;

Bless, oh! bless the hand of woman

That could point across the sea.

Ah! the days of Revolution;

History need not lead us there.

Well, we know her matchless courage

Lighted hours of dark despair.

She could cheer when all seemed cheerless,

She could hope when hope had fled.

Earth must bless the steps of woman,

While it feels her gentle tread.

# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY 8, 1878.

NO. 6.

MRS. A. DAMON, . . . . . Editress  
MISS C. WILKIE, Assistant “

We have had some pleasant days since the storm of last week, each one more mild and balmy than the last; but as we have heard many tell of what may be expected,—almost, one would think, as a sort of revenge for these pleasant days,—that we enjoy them with fear and trembling; always looking forward to the extreme spell of weather, waiting for us poor mortals, whom the sun shines on.

We are glad to learn that the temperance movement meets with good success in surrounding towns, and anticipate the good time coming when the vast amount spent for liquors will be used for better purposes.

The dance at Armory Hall last evening was well attended, and apparently well enjoyed.

We understand that the dramatic entertainment may be expected at an early day; it is to be hoped, while the present moon renders the evenings so enjoyable.

“Ma, does pa kiss the cat?” “Why, no my son; what put that into your head?” “Cos, when pa came down stairs this morning, he kissed Sarah in the hall, and said, ‘that’s better than kissing the old cat up stairs, aint it Sarah?’” And that, they say is the reason why Smith stayed in the Charity Hospital nearly two months.

## Wants.

WANTED.—A powerful microscope, to aid in the search for the brains of two young men, who lost them about noon, on Tuesday, the 5th inst. If found, please return at once, as they are wanted. C.

“Who frew dat peanut at me?” asked a darkey, when struck on the head by a sand-bag, thrown out of a balloon.

A negro in Virginia, whose master threatened to flog him if he boiled his eggs hard again, next morning brought them to the table harder than ever. “You rascal!” shouted the planter, “didn’t I tell you to cook these eggs soft?” “Yes, Massa,” said the frightened slave, “An’ I got up at two o’clock this morning, an’ biled em five hours, and it seems to me, I never kin get these eggs soft.”

A very tall and shabby looking man stepped up to a bar, and after pouring a glass of liquor down his long throat, blandly asked the bartender if he could change a twenty dollar bill; that gentleman blandly informed him that he could. “Well,” said the tall one, with a sigh of satisfaction, “I’ll go out and see if I can find one.” And he plunged out into the cold world on his mission.

Dispatch from the Honorable Secretary of the Navy, to the Journal.

A Naval engagement took place between the American clipper, Sandie, and the English man of war, Blower, on the 5th inst., at 12 o’clock, noon, on the Capawonk river, about one and one-half miles from its mouth.

Several shots were exchanged, when the Blower withdrew to fix its rigging, which it said encumbered its movements, but it was evident for to get up steam. The Sandie waiting for the Blower to come up, when two, well directed shots, taking effect in the Blower’s upper rigging, about the quarter deck, nearly silenced it. One shot from the Blower, struck the Sandie on the bow, and several shots were fired at the midship, evidently to cut off her steam, but with little effect. The Blower was losing steam fast, and and it was evident could not hold out long. The Sandie kept the yankee colors up, and it was seen that the colors of the Blower were about to be struck when the engagement terminated.

The Sandie is now patrolling the stream of every day toil, while the Blower lies at the dock waiting repairs, with the upper rigging badly cut away. It will need considerable repairing and painting to fetch it back to working order.

## Married.

At Pine Plains, the 34, by Parson Gordon, Patience Day, to Homer Knight. We conclude that Patience prefers darkness rather than light.

At Fly Flats, on the 32, Sarah White, to Adam Black. Adam thinks, by mixing colors, drab will predominate, and that is his favorite.



A man went into a upholsterer's shop the other day, and sat down on a wood-bottom chair. He immediately arose, dancing and howling like a Dervish. We anxiously enquired if he had an attack of any kind. "A task," yelled he, "I should say so, and the thing stood on its head, too."

He went softly behind the door, and murmured, "I'm a man of very quiet tastes." He then took a flask from his pocket and tasted something.

He made his last visit Sunday night; he had been going pretty steady for two years, and Sabbath evening he got his courage up to the popping point, and commenced: "Mirandy, as this is leap year, I s'pose a gentleman ought to wait for a lady to propose? but,"—here she broke in, "Yes, I think so James, and just as soon as I see a young fellow worth having, I mean to pop the question to him." So James talked about the weather a minute and left.

#### THE MODEL SUBSCRIBER.

"Good morning, Mr. Editor, how are the folks to-day? I owe you for next year's paper, and I thought I'd come in and pay. Jones is going to take it, and this is his money here; I shut down lending it to him, and then coaxed him to try it a year. And here is a few little items that happened last week, in our town; I thought they'd look good for the paper, and so I just jotted 'em down. And here's a basket of cherries, my wife picked expressly for you; and a small bunch of flowers from Jenny, she thought she must send something, too. You're doing the politics bully, as all of our family agree; just keep your old goose quill a flopping, and give bad men a good one, for me."

The Editor sat in his sanctum, and brought down his fist with a thump, "God bless that old farmer!" he muttered, "he's a regular jolly old trump!"

And it's thus with our noble profession, and thus will it ever be still; there are some who appreciate its labor, and some, who perhaps never will. But, in the great time that is coming, when Gabriel's trumpet shall sound, and they who have labored and rested, shall come from the quivering ground; when they who have striven and suffered to teach and enoble the race, shall march at the head of the column, each one in his God-given place; as they march through the gates of the city, with proud and victorious tread, the Editor and his Assistants will not travel far from the head.

When a young farmer's wife made her first boys pants precisely the same before as behind, the father exclaimed, "Goodness! he won't know whether he's going to school, or coming back."

#### Conundrums.

What is justice?—The opinion of twelve jurymen.

What is it that most attracts our worthy President's attention?—The stocking.

What is the difference between a spend-thrift and a feather bed?—One is hard up, and the other soft down.

Why is a coachman like a cistern?—Because he holds the reins.

When is a cat like a teapot?—When your's tea's in it.

What is the best flower for debtors to cultivate?—Gladiolus. (glad-I-owe-less.)

Why is the letter D like a sailor?—Because it follows the C. (sea.)

Why is a horse like molasses candy?—Because the more you lick it the faster it goes.

Why is a Doctor better taken care of than his patients?—Because when he goes to bed, somebody is sure to w-rap him up.

"What a strain that is," said Mrs. P., as she heard an air sung in the highest style, by a young lady. "Yes," was the reply, "it is operatic." "Upper attic, is it?" said she, "I should think it was high enough for the roof of the house."

"Waiter! is this a spring chicken? Most remarkable fowl I ever attempted an assault upon." "Yes sir, nice spring chicken, don't have nothing else at this establishment. Don't you see sir? it springs every time you put your knife into it." Customer realizes the fact, and calls for a plate of hash.

When I go a shopping, said an old lady, I allers ask for what I wants, and if they have it, and it's suitable, and I feel inclined to take it, and it's cheap, and it can't be got for less, any where, I most allers, takes it, without chaffering all day, as most people do.

Just because a man has a black eye, it's no sign he has been fighting. He may have been on the wood-shed repairing the shingles, when his wife threw a flat-iron at the cellar-way. Under such circumstances, any man would get hit somewhere.

"There! that explains where my clothes line went to," exclaimed an Ohio woman, as she found her husband hanging in the stable.

Old Mr. Bledsoe, although very profane, looks youthful for his years. One of his neighbors remarked to Mrs. B. the other day, "The old man is wearing well, isn't he?" "Oh, yes," said the good woman, "he's swearing well enough as it goes, but, considering the opportunities and practice he's had, he might put a little more polish into it."

# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY 15, 1878.

NO. 7.

MRS. A. DAMON, . . . . . Editress  
MISS C. WILKIE, Assistant "

Watchman, tell us of the night;  
What its signs of promise are.  
Traveller, o'er yon mountain height,  
See the glory, beaming star.

Long and gloomy has been the night of intemperence over the land. From how many desolate homes, from how many despairing wives and children, comes the cry to-day: Will the temperence movement reach us? Will it renovate our miserable hearth-stones? Will it give back to us, a Husband and a Father? Will it put food where it has long been a stranger, or at best, but a mockery?

Well may these hearts ask the question, and wait with bated breath for the answer.

Tell, oh! tell us of the night: tell us that those who love this work will keep on, till the risen star of Hope shall shed its rays on all. Stand to the work, you who have begun; you will never know all the prayers that go up for your success; you will never know all the hearts you may make glad; you may never know all you may restore to true manhood; but stand to the work, until you can truly make answer to the voice that comes up from the land,—“All is well.”

Quite a delegation from Hatfield attended the temperence meeting in Sunderland, Monday eve. Pistolville furnished some of her excellent speakers on this occasion. We allude to Thayer, Day, Burns, and others.

“What I object to,” said a Texas horse thief, as he was about to be drawn up, “is your hanging me here in the sun, when there is plenty of shade close by. However, go ahead.”

When Mrs. Van Auken installed a Chinaman in her kitchen, “What is your name, sir?” asked she. “Oh! my name, Ah Sin Foo.” “But I can’t remember all that lingo, my man, I’ll call you Jimmy.” “Velle welle, now whate name I calle you?” asked Ah Sin. “Well, my name is Mrs. Van Auken, call me that.” “Oh! me can no ’member Misses Yan-ne Auken, too big piece namee. I calle you Tommy, Misses Tommy.”

Briefly stated.—Our financial views are these:—Tie-backs are better than green-backs; they are in greater demand; they are more constantly in circulation; they are always buoyant, dreadfully buoyant; they are always good for their face, and are always quoted above Par,—or Mar either.

“How dare you slap your little sister, George?” “She kicked me when my back was turned, and hurted me very much, I can tell you.” “Where did she hurt you?” “Well, I can’t zactly say where, because my back was turned, and I was looking another way.

“Don’t show my letters,” wrote a Rockland young man, to a young lady he adored. “Don’t be afraid,” was the reply. “I’m just as much ashamed of them as you are.”

Somebody has described smoking, as a small roll of tobacco, with a little fire at one end, and a big fool at the other.

## Lost.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.—An individual, whom I in an urgent moment of loneliness, was thoughtless enough to adopt as my husband. He is a good looking, feeble individual; knowing enough however, to come in when it rains, unless some girl offers him the shelter of her umbrella. Answers to the name of Jim. Was last seen in company with Julia Harris, walking with his arm around her waist, looking, if possible, more foolish than ever. Anybody who will bring him carefully back, so that I can chastise him for running away, will be invited to stay to tea, by Mary E. Smith.

“Now where are my summer pants?” yelled the impatient husband, after a fruitless search, from cellar to attic. And his wife timidly points to a pair of china Samuels on the shelf, and murmurs, “They were so cheap.”

Briggs set a hen on thirteen eggs, and she came off with one chicken, and as he took a stick and knocked it on the head, he was heard to exclaim: “It’s no use for me to try to be a farmer. That chick”—here he gave it another rap—“cost me three dollars, not counting the hen’s time anything.”



A man in New York has a watch, which he claims has gained enough in six months to pay for itself.

The greatest feat in eating ever recorded, is told of a man, who commenced by bolting a door, after which he threw up a window, and swallowed a whole story.

A Rankin street woman invited a few friends to tea. While seated at the table, they were struck by the curious antics of the hired girl. "What's the matter with your girl?" enquired one of the visitors, somewhat alarmed. "I'm sure I don't know," returned the hostess. "Sarah!" Sarah came slowly out of the pantry, and looked sheepishly at her mistress. "What do you want, Sarah?" "Please, mum, I don't want to tell." "Don't be afraid. Speak up, and tell us what's the matter." "Well, mum, you see the cat's been drinking out of the cream for the strawberries, and I wanted to know if I should strain it, or put it on just as it is, cos there's lots of hairs in it.

Sarah packed her trunk the next morning.

"Much remains unsung," as the tomcat said to the brickbat when it cut short his serenade.

### Conundrums.

Why is a bald head like heaven?—Because there is no parting or dying there.

Why are children like jellies?—Because as they are moulded, so they will turn out.

What is the difference between spermaceli and a schoolboy's howl?—One is wax produced by the whale, and the other is the wail produced by the whacks.

What's the difference between the lower part of the leg, and the late comet?—One is shin and bone, and the other's been and shone.

Why is the greatest bore like a tree?—Both appear best when leaving.

What part of a fish is like the end of a book?—The Fin-is.

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive on a long journey?—It is not of much account without it's tender.

Why is fashionable society like a warming pan?—Because it is highly polished but very hollow.

What is better than a promising young man?—A paying one.

Why is the money you give to the poor like a young baby?—Because it is precious little.

Victor Hugo says, "Woman is the conundrum of the nineteenth century." We can't guess her, but we will never give her up.

"Sarah, have any of those mischievous children been playing with the piano while I have been out of town? Some of the keys went sound at all." "Please, mum, I don't know nothing about it—leastwise, Master Tom said there was something ailed it, which he was sure there was a mouse in it. So he got Joe to hold up the cover, while he put the dog and cat into it; but instead of catching the mouse, mum, they took to fightin', and did make such a funny noise in among the wires—so, maybe, mum, the mouse is there still, mum!"

Old Blinks says he can put up with most anything at a boarding house, except washing potatoes in his plug hat.

"Don't come to see me any more just yet, John; Father has been having his boots half soled with two rows of nails round the toes."

The following toast was given at Concord: Old Bachelors,—Like sour cider, they grow more crabbed the longer they are kept; and when they see a little Mother, they turn to vinegar at once.

"What do we have Fourth of July for?" asked a Broadway boy of his ma. "Why I'm ashamed of you; we have Fourth of July to celebrate the—husband, I declare, I can't think for the moment what it is." "Why, don't you know why we celebrate the Fourth? Who was it discovered America?" "Christopher Columbus," exclaimed mother and son. "Right, and when did he discover it?" "Why, on the Fourth, of course," replied the Mother, "but I've got the worst memory about those things." "That's it," said the wise Father, "we celebrate the Fourth in honor of that event. Boy! you must study up. I should be mortified, if you had asked me such a question before company."

The married ladies of a Western city, have formed a Come Home Husband Club. It is about four feet long, and has a brush on the end.

Saving wife,—“George, dear, don't you think it's rather extravagant of you to eat butter with that delicious jam?” “No, love, economical, same piece of bread does for both.”

### Lost.

The Contributions sent this week to the Armory Journal. Anyone finding and returning same to this office, will be rewarded.

"Got the phoby, have you? Can't swallow any liquid, eh?" observed Mrs. Millits to her husband, who had refused water for two days. "Well, we'll see," and the good woman drew the cork from the whiskey bottle, and placed the nozzle to his mouth. Millit's face emerged from the gloom like a full moon, and glancing at his wife, he said: "Come to think of it, Jane, I don't believe that dog had any teeth."

# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., FEBRUARY 21, 1878.

NO. 8.

JULIA A. DICKINSON, . . . . Editress  
MRS. A. DAMON, Assistant “

Rather unexpectedly, we find ourselves called upon to assume the duties of an Editress. Being away at the time, and having to edit the paper at so short a notice, it may fail to meet with your approval. We have received but little assistance this week in shape of contributions; those who have contributed please accept our thanks. We hope in the future, our friends will not be so frightened but what they can do more towards making the paper interesting.

The dance at the Town Hall, Tuesday evening, was well attended; quite a number coming from out of town. All had a pleasant time, as far as we know; we are quite sure some of the gentleman did, by the way they kicked up their heels.

It is with pleasure we announce that the Dramatic Entertainment is to come off next Tuesday eve. A full house is expected.

Next Thursday eve, there will be a Phantom dance held in Armory Hall. Look out for a good time.

“Why you no come to see a fellow, Sambo? If I lived as near you as you do me, I would come to see you ebbry day.” “O! cause my wife patches my trouserloons so all to pieces, I’s ashamed to go no where”

“Why Uncle Dewlittle, how dew you dew? Dew come in and rest yourself a little while, dew. How dews aunt Hannah dew? and what is she dewing now? and dew tell us the news. Come, dew sit up to the table, and dew as we dew; dew help yourself, and dew talk some, and dew not make me dew all the talking, for I shant dew it. Now, dew say something, dew.”

I don’t admire ladies’ cuffs, as the husband said, when his wife boxed his ears.

A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied, he kept a hot house.

How Dinah makes her corn bread:—“Why, darlin’, sometimes, gen’ally’ I takes a little meal, and sometimes, gen’ally, I takes a little flour; an’ I kine o’ mixes ’em up with hot water, an’ I puts in eggs enuff, an’ a little salt, an’ then I bakes it just ’bout enuff. You do so, jess so, honey, an’ you’ll make it as good as I do.”

“What did they mean, Pa?” said a young hopeful to his father, a prominent citizen.

“What is meant by a chip of the old block?”

“Why my son, do you ask such a question?”

“Because, I was out hunting this morning, and after returning home, I told some gentlemen, that while out hunting I saw fifty squirrels up one tree. They kept trying to make me say that I did not see fifty, but forty-nine; and because I wouldn’t say so, they said I was ‘a chip of the old block.’”

“Hem! well, my son, they meant that you were smart and honest, like your pa. You can so and play now.”

Where ten men will cheerfully lay down their lives for a woman, only one will carry her a scuttle of coal.

Womanly curiosity.—“Mother!” said Jemima Spry to her venerable maternal relative.

“Sam Flint wants to come a courting me, to-night.”

“Well, you jade, what did you tell him?”

“Oh! I told him he might come; I wanted to see how he would act.”

“What is the chief use of bread?” asked an examiner at a school exhibition.

“The chief use of bread?” answered an urchin, apparently astonished at the simplicity of the inquiry.

“Why, to spread butter and molasses on.”

“Ah! parson, I wish I could take my gold with me,” said a dying man to his pastor. “It might melt,” was the consoling reply.

Mrs. Smith says she celebrates her wooden wedding every day. She married a stick, and that’s how it is.

## Wants.

WANTED.—Several young ladies, in good circumstances; to help their mothers get breakfast and wash the dishes.

“Mother,” said a little girl, who was engaged in making her doll an apron, “I believe I shall be a duchess when I grow up.” “How do you ever expect to become a duchess, my daughter?” “Why, by marrying a Ducthman, to be sure,” the girl replied.



AT NIGHT.—It is night now, and here is home. Gathered under the quiet roof, elders and children lie alike, at rest. In the midst of a great peace and calm, the stars look out from the heavens. The silence is peopled with the past; sorrowful remorses for sins and short comings, memories of passionate joys and griefs rise out of their graves, both now, alike calm and sad. Eyes, as I shut mine, look at me, that have long ceased to shine. The town and the fair landscape sleep under the starlight, wreathed in the autumn mist. Twinkling among the houses, a light keeps watch, here and there, in what may be a sick chamber or two. The clock tolls sweetly in the silent air. Here is night and rest. An awful sense of thanks makes the heart swell, and head bow, as I pass to my room through the sleeping house, and feel as though a hushed blessing were upon it.

### Conundrums.

Where do the vain go when they dye?—To the barber shop.

How long can a goose stand on one leg?—Try it, that's the way the goose found out.

Why are book-keepers like chickens?—Because they have to scratch for a living.

What is the difference between a belle and a burglar?—The belle carries false locks, and the burglar false keys.

Why is the letter K like a pig's tail?—Because it is the end of pork.

What is the best day for making pan-cakes?—Fri-day.

What did Queen Elizabeth take her pills in?—In cid-er.

The following conundrum was handed us by one of our little friends, which is original. Why does a cat's tail grow big when it sees a dog?—Because she's scat, I suppose.

Let the toast be, dear woman, as the man said to his wife, when he wanted to eat it all himself.

Weak doses of wash-board are recommended to dyspeptic ladies; and young men affected in the same way, should take a preparation of wood-saw.

### THE PENDULUM.

Swing on, old pendulum of the world,  
Forever and forever;  
Keeping the time of sun and stars,—  
The march that endeth never!  
Your monotone speaks joy and grief,  
And failure and endeavor;  
Swing on, old pendulum, to and fro,  
Forever and forever.

Long as you swing shall earth be glad,  
And men be partly good and bad,  
And each hour that passes by,  
A thousand souls be born and die;  
Die from the earth, to live, we trust,  
Unshackled, unallied with dust.  
Long as you swing shall wrong come right,  
As sure as morning follows night;  
The day goes wrong—the ages never,  
Swing on old pendulum,—swing forever.

A young married man was remarking to some ladies, that it was always the women who ran after the men. When his wife indignantly replied, "You know my dear, I never ran after you." "That may be," he replied, "but you took mighty good care not to get out of the way."

Arthur's father prepared to punish him for being bad, when the little fellow said, solemnly, "My mother has always tended to me."

A clergyman, last summer, visited the Hoo-sac tunnel, and met a sprightly looking irishman, who in reply to the question, "Do you think it will pay?" promptly replied, "Faith, no. But thin it will be a great ornament to society."

"Any letters for Mike Howe?" asked an individual of a clerk, at a post office window. "No letters here for anybody's cow."

A married lady of St. Paul, Minn., has been in a trance state for six weeks, and her husband won't have a doctor yet. He says "It seems so novel."

"Look out! there, what are you kicking my dog, for?" "I'm kicking him 'cause he's full of fleas, and I don't want to get 'em on my clothes." "Fleas! why, that dog sleeps with me!" "Confound you! that's where he got 'em."

A man who lately committed suicide, left a memorandum for his wife, saying, "Good bye, you old scolding, red headed heathen." On reading it, the widow was heard to mutter, "I should just like to have got hold of him for one minute"

A little girl of eight or ten summers, being asked what dust was, replied that it was mud, with the juice squeezed out.

# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., MARCH 1, 1878.

NO. 9.

JULIA A. DICKINSON, . . . . . Editress  
MRS. A. DAMON, Assistant “

We find ourselves to-night, at the beginning of another month, and as the days lengthen, the fact will intrude itself, that a few weeks longer and our pleasant evenings here will be a thought of the past; so much the more reason why we should enjoy them heartily while with us.

We give a few lines of greeting to the month before us.

Hail! stormy month of rain and snow,  
Thy blustering winds full well we know,  
Yet gladly welcome you, who bring  
Us nearer to the joyous spring.  
We do not fear thy cloudy days,  
Thy fitful moods or roughest ways,  
Since, when thy time of rule has fled  
We welcome April skies instead.

Yet, thou hast pleasures in thy power  
T'will hasten many a weary hour,  
And days of worth we know in store  
T'will well repay us to explore.  
We shall forget when these we see  
To chide the winds that herald thee,  
And long perhaps, but all in vain,  
To see these days of March again.

Mrs. A. Damon.

We hear praise on all sides, of our star actors who afforded us such a pleasant entertainment, Tuesday eve.

Probably, no man ever felt worse at being in the wrong pew, than Jonah, when he found himself in the whale's spew.

A dutchman once met an irishman on a lonely highway. As they met, each smiled, thinking he knew the other. Pat, on seeing the mistake, remarked with a look of disappointment: "Faith, an' I thought it was you, and you thought it was me, an' it's nayther of us." The dutchman replied, "Yaw, dat ish dhru; I am anodder man and you is not yourself. We pe poth some other podies."

"How do you feel, this morning, Dick?"  
"Oh! so so. I had to pull on my hat with a boot hook."

"Now, breddrin," said a Lexington, Ky., colored preacher at a revival meeting, "I pulls out my watch, and it's jes twenty minits ob ten. Zactly five minits will be 'lowed you wicked sinners to choose 'tween guine to heaven or to hell!"

"Arrah! now Jamie," said one Emeraldaler to another, as they stood gazing upon the fountain on Boston common, "sure, what is it that makes the water spurt up so? Does ye know?"  
"Hush, now, Pat! and don't be after exposing yer ignorance and want of since," was the reply. "Iverybody knows it goes by stame."

A young lady bidding a gentleman good bye, asked him, "Do you mean to go to sea?" He replied, "Yes ma'am, to see you."

"Exploring waist places," said John Henry, as he put his arm around the pretty chambermaid. "Navigation of the 'air," said Mrs. Henry, overhearing him, and sailing into his raven curls.

Now, young man, listen while we tell you how to pop the question. Get your June bug well cornered where no one can overhear you, and then poke this conundrum at her: When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet?—When U and I are made one.

After that it is plain sailing.

## HOW THEY DID IT.

They were sitting side by side.—And she sighed, and then he sighed.

Said he, My darling idol.—And he idled, and then she idled.

You are creation's belle.—And she bellowed, and then he bellowed.

On my soul there's such a weight.—And he waited, and then she waited.

Your hand I ask, so bold I've grown.—And she groaned, and then he groaned.

You shall have your private gig.—And he giggled, and then she giggled.

Said she, my dearest Luke.—And he looked, and then she looked.

I'll have thee, if thou wilt.—And she wilted and then he wilted.

In looking over the past history of our country, we find nothing half so terrible as to see a young man tied to his wife's apron strings, and crying and bawling out, "I want to go home;" as was the case with E. Kingsley, a few evenings ago, after trying a little game with cayenne pepper on one of our worthy citizens.



## A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.

The sea is the largest of all cemeteries, and its slumberers rest without monuments. All other graveyards in other lands, show some distinction between the great and small, the rich and poor; but in the great ocean cemetery, the king and clown, the prince and peasant, are alike,—undistinguished. The same waves roll over all, the same requiem by the minstrels of the ocean, is sung in their honor. Over their remains, the same storm beats, and the sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and powerful, the plumed and unhonored, will sleep on, until awakened by the same trumpet.

## Conundrums.

What ship has two mates and no captain?—Courtship.

Who is the shortest man mentioned in the bible?—Bildad, the shuhight.

What kind of hens lay the longest?—Dead hens.

When is a lawyer like a donkey?—When drawing a conveyance.

What can a man have in his pocket when it is empty?—A big hole.

Why is a minister like a guide-board?—Because he points out the way.

What is fashion?—Dinner at midnight, and headache in the morning.

What is knowledge?—To be away from home when people come to borrow books or umbrellas.

The following, we think, is too good to keep. A year or two ago, when Hatfield could boast of two physicians, I was talking one day with a friend about the Dr. I asked my friend to which of them he gave the preference. He replied, "I don't know much about either of them, but judging from what little I do know, if any of my family should be sick, I think I should occupy D. B."

"I'm going to the post-office, Bob, shall I enquire for you?" "Well, yes, if you have a mind to, but I don't think you will find me there."

## THE GHOSTS OF THE BALL ROOM.

Sheeted and voiceless they pass in our sight,  
Spectres to haunt us in the hours of the night,  
They whirl and they turn in the dances again,  
Too earthly for spirits, too ghostly for men.

Sheeted said we, and not suited with that,  
Pillow-cased too, it is known for a fact;  
Lest we fail to do honor to spirits so white,  
We will wish them safe passage, and whisper good night.

Mrs. A. Damon.

## A CARD.

The undersigned acknowledges the receipt of a barrel of first class crackers, and would suggest, that a cheese of as good quality would be acceptable; in fact, have been waiting for that article to appear in the same mysterious way before commencing war on said crackers. A word to the wise is sufficient.

A. DAMON, Chief of Police.  
Pistolville, Feb. 25, 1878.

## LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.

A couple of stage-struck yankees, answering to the name of Seth and Will. Last seen at Academy Hall, Feb. 26, 1878. They were, apparently, laboring under great mental excitement. It is greatly feared that they have been "Caste" away. Any information concerning said parties, will be thankfully received by the Overseers of the Poor.

Dated at Pistolville, Mch. 1, 1878.

## ROBBERY! \$15 REWARD.

The man who was robbed of his sleep has offered a reward of \$15.00 to anyone who will return said property to the office of this paper.

Hatfield, Feb. 28, 1878.

## \$15 REWARD.

For the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who stole a barrel of crackers from the front of my store, the 25 inst.

E. M. Graves.

A barber while cutting the hair of a rural customer, ran his scissors against some hard substance, which proved to be a whetstone. The old farmer said he had missed that whetstone ever since haying time, last July, and had looked all over a ten-acre field for it, but now remembered sticking it over his ear.

A man has applied for a divorce from his wife at Chicago, on the ground of extreme cruelty. She has walloped him regularly for nineteen years, until, having the spirit of a man, he won't stand it any longer.

# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., MARCH 8, 1878.

NO. 10.

JULIA A. DICKINSON, . . . . Editress  
MRS. A. DAMON, Assistant “

The pleasant weather still continues. Mud is plenty; but that, we must expect and walk through cheerfully.

Pistolville has been uncommonly quiet this week, in the way of entertainments and dances.

The temperance lecture given by Mr. Parsons, in Academy Hall, Tuesday evening, was very interesting, though not largely attended.

To the Editress of the Armory Journal:—

Hearing that the question you propose discussing at your next meeting, is “women’s rights,” I, a woman, beg the privilege of expressing my opinion through the columns of your paper.

Now let us see what great benefit we should derive from the privilege of voting.—It seems to me just none at all; unless, it be considered a benefit to be allowed to mix with the crowd around the ballot-box, and be subjected to all kinds of remarks.

I believe woman’s proper sphere is at home, doing all she can to make it comfortable and pleasant for her family. If she devotes her time to politics, she must neglect home duties. I would by no means, convey the idea that we should feel no interest in State affairs. Every true woman should be, and is interested in the welfare of her country, and should use her influence to induce her male friends to vote for good men.

Home duties are enough to keep us employed, and if we are expected to take upon our shoulders the duties of our husbands, sons and brothers, it is no more than fair, that they should assume ours, and wash the dishes, make the beds and take care of the babies. Until they are willing to do this, I think women had better be content, and not spend so much time wrangling about imaginary rights.

## AN ADVENTURE.

You must understand that Mrs. C. is not one of the constitutionally nervous, who look under the bed every night before retiring, in the hopes of finding a burglar. On the contrary, she is remarkably free from that complaint,—nervousness. But when she is awakened in the middle of the night, as she was a few

nights ago, by hearing one of the young men who keep bachelors hall in the other part of the house, exclaim, “There he is! there he is!” she is naturally frightened, and thinks of burglars.

The said young men were awakened by a rat. I don’t know, but I suppose the rat by long fasting, had become ravenously hungry, and therefore boldly entered the domicile of the said young men. As may be supposed, it didn’t find much to eat, and so concluded to try a little human flesh, and in attempting to take a bite awoke his victim, who sprang out of bed, called to his companion for assistance, and started upon the war path. The chase was very exciting; so exciting, that the young men forgot how thinly clad they were, and boldly chased him into the other part of the house, but as the weather was not cold it is presumed that they didn’t suffer. At last the rat was cornered, and Will grasped him by the tail, while Will, senior, with a stick of wood was to give him a whack; When, now you see him, and now you don’t, and he was gone. But where? Up Will’s sleeve on to his back, and from there to the floor, near where Will had his coat. They supposed he had taken refuge in the coat, and gave it a rigid examination; but the rat was not there. They at last discovered him under the table, where he was dispatched with the said stick of wood. By the way, I am told by good authority, that they keep their wood piled up on all sides of the stove, to have it handy in cases like this.

As they are supposed to be somewhat inexperienced in the art of housekeeping, receipts may be acceptable. As it is the season for dried apple pies, we present the following receipt with pleasure.

In the first place, after having let the cat clap the plate clean, pile on the dried apples, then proceed to put in sugar, two table-spoonfuls of pepper, one of ginger, three of mustard, and water enough for raising. Now the pie is ready for covering; after that is well stuck down, ornament with the beel of your boot and then cast it into the oven. In one hour take a look at your pie. When, lo and behold! you will find your little pie to have risen nearly through the top of the stove.

And now they enquire through the columns of this paper, for the best remedy for curing a bad cold, and also, for the best mode of killing rats.

“What’s the matter, Uncle Jerry?” said a bystander, as an old man was passing by, growling furiously. “Matter! why, here I’ve been drawing water all the morning for the Dr.’s wife, and all she gave me, was, that the Dr. would pull a tooth for me some day.



## A SPORTSMAN'S STORY

I put my rifle on my shoulder, and calling my hound, set out for the woods, with the hopes of bagging a moose or a bear; but, after tramping for eight hours without seeing anything of the craved game, I turned my attention to game of the feathered species. On retracing my steps and walking to the left, I came to the bank of a river, where on the limb of an old dead tree, I beheld a flock of wild turkeys. In my eagerness, I thought of some means by which I might capture the whole of them. At last a thought flashed through my mind, and bringing my rifle to my shoulder, I took accurate aim and fired. As was my intention, I split the limb and so caught them all by the toes, where they flopped and squarked at a great rate. I then shot off the limb, which fell into the river; so I tucked my trousers into my boots and waded in after the limb, and on my return, got my boots and trousers full of fish, which strained on them so hard, that it snapped a button off and killed a rabbit in the woods. It was not much of a day for sportsmen, either.

## TERRIBLE MURDER.

At the early hour of three o'clock, Thursday morning, the inhabitants of "Hill District" were aroused from their peaceful slumbers by the cries of two bachelors, who found themselves attacked by an unknown assassin. The first to discover the presence of the villain, was Will T., who immediately jumped from his bed and gave chase, at the same time calling loudly for Will M. to get up and help catch the thief. Who replies: "Come back to bed you fool, you've got the nightmare." Will T. is all this time in the darkness, having nothing on but a short, white frock. Will M. is finally induced to get up, and after lighting a lamp, and seizing a broom, they found the thief to be a large rat, who was looking for the mate to the castile soap. Will T. thought it was looking for him. Will M. hit the rat and drove it towards Will T., who getting frightened, regardless of the heat, jumped upon the stove. The neighbors, being alarmed by the cries of Will T. for help, rushed to his assistance, with pitchforks and other farming tools; but, finding only a rat, advised him to procure the services of Constable Doane, and make an arrest. They might have been seen the next morning, each with a large tin pail, (supposed to contain remains of said rat), on their way to the shop of Hyde & Shattuck. To be continued in our next. S. S. R.

Husband.—"What's the use of going out this sloppy weather?"

Wife.—"What's the use of wearing striped stockings?"

"Is there any man in this town named afternoon?" enquired a Mississippi post-master, as he held up a letter, directed P. M.

## THE SUNSHINE OF THE HEART.

There are no clouds of earth,  
Though thunder charged and dark,  
More to be dreaded than the storms  
That rise within the heart.  
What if the wild winds shout,—  
Better their ceaseless din,  
Better the strife without,  
Than an endless war within.

Thou oft' this life seems weary,  
And all its pathways dark,  
Earth never will look dreary  
With sunshine 'round the heart.  
Then quick dispel the shadows,  
Let none their entrance dare,  
So that whatever else betide,  
There may be brightness there.

By Lottie J. D.

## RATS! RATS!

A rare chance to rid your house of this nuisance. Prof. Joseph Clark, informs the inhabitants of Pistolyville, that he has now in his possession, the far famed and celebrated Rat Killers, stubby Will and long Bill; without doubt, the best trained and most blooded rat exterminators in existence. Prof. Clark will have these great wonders of the present age, on exhibition at Armory Hall, Friday, March 8. For full particulars and pedigree, enquire of their trainer. S. R. C.

## Conundrums.

Who is the laziest man?—The furniture dealer. He keeps chairs and lounges about all day.

Which is the way to make a coat last?—Why! make the vest and trousers first.

When did Absalom sleep with five in the bed?—When he slept with his fore-fathers.

When is the marriage ceremony decidedly fishy?—When the bride receives her-ring.

Why is a man with no beard like an impudent fellow?—Because he is bare-faced.

When may it be said that an army has become sick of war?—When it throws up fortifications.

A young man, stationed in front of the Baptist church, on Sunday evening, waiting for a neighbor's daughter, was mistaken for a post by a near-sighted rualist, who made several attempts to hitch his horse to him.

Susan B. Anthony is to be married.

There never was a goose so gray,  
But some day—soon or late,—  
An honest gander came that way  
And claimed her for his mate.



# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., MARCH 15, 1878.

NO. 11.

JULIA A. DICKINSON, . . . Editress  
MRS. A. DAMON, Assistant

The weather the past week seems more like April than March, and there is every prospect of an early spring. Our ears are greeted every morning by the songs of the early returning birds, who will not be frightened by the few frosty nights we may yet have.

The dance last evening, though not so fully attended as some, on account, we suppose of bad going, was, we think, enjoyed by all the participants, as there was plenty of room and no crowding.

We understand there is to be a calico dance at the Town Hall, Thursday eve. So go for your calicoes, ladies!

We regret to learn of the sudden departure of our Secretary, C. H. Matthews. Our best wishes go with him. May he find as many friends in the new home as he leaves in the old.

## PERSONAL.

Messrs. Thayer, Morley and Collins, received this morning from Springfield, three, elegant, family bibles. Coming events cast their shadows before.

Extracts from the modern dictionary.

Water—A clear fluid, once used as a drink.

Honesty—An excellent joke.

Tongue—A little horse that is continually running away.

My dear—An expression used by man and wife at the commencement of a quarrel.

Bargain—A ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other.

Dr.—A man who kills you to-day to save you from dying to-morrow.

Wealth—The most respectable equality of men.

Justice—The opinion of twelve jurymen.

"Have you any nice, fresh, farmer's eggs?"  
"No ma'am," replied the practical clerk, "but we have some very good hen's eggs." She took three to try.

## GREETING.

Kind friends, one and all, with mixed feelings we view,

Our last sheet of the Journal presented to you, Though a task somewhat tiresome, its lines to indite,

And a problem often, to know what to write, If we have helped lighten winter's long hours, We feel well repaid for this labor of ours.

Perhaps pleasure alone has too much been our aim,

But pleasure or profit,—pray what's in a name? A hundred years hence it will all be the same.

We are grateful to those who helped this to be Such a sheet as this age of progression should see;

With the aid of reporters both witty and gay, We have faithfully given the news of the day.

Murder and theft, and adventures,—all true, Have been given in turn, in our readings to you;

And if the example,—held up here so plain— Has deterred evil doers, it was not in vain.

For those who succeed us, we ask your kind aid,

For the Editress path none too easy is made; As for us, with best wishes we bid you adieu, Believing our trials in this line are through.

Yours fraternally, Ed's.

## Conundrums.

Who was the strongest man?—Jonah, because the whale couldn't hold him after he got him down.

Why is a church bell more affable than a church organ?—Because one will go when it is tolled, but the other will be blowed first.

Why was the Shah of Persia during his visit to England, the best card-player in the world?—Because the swells gave up their clubs, the workmen threw up their spades, and the ladies were within an ace of losing their hearts, when he came to show his diamonds.

What is the oldest women's club?—The broom-stick.

## AN EPITAPH.

And be she dead, and am she gone,

And is I left here all alone?

O! cruel fate, thou beast unkind,

To take her fore and leave I hind.

Every family should keep a kitten to amuse the children; they should also keep children to amuse the kitten.

## A HEARTRENDING AFFAIR.

There are many mournful incidents in this village; but we think of nothing quite so sad as to hear a lady enquiring, in an anxious voice, at the village store, for condensed milk. The disappointment of not finding that article, seemed almost unbearable. Any one knowing where the same can be found in Pistotville or its suburbs, will confer a lasting obligation on a distressed female, by informing Polly.

Jones comes home tired, and expects dinner is ready. He finds the water supply has been shut off, and he must go for water before dinner can be got. And thus he begins:

"Confound the Water Commissioners, to thunder and blazes! If I had a boy two years old who didn't know more than the whole capoodle of them, I'd get a hammer and knock his pumpkin head in for him. I'll dig the whole yard up into a well 7000 feet deep, but that I'll have water enough to get one dinner, without having to lug my insides out, when I am so tired I can't hardly stand. Condemn the condemned old fools to condemnation!"

And thus he marched away after the water.

"I say, Peggy, how is it that one of our cows is brown and the other white?" "Why, you silly, any one knows that the white cow gives the milk and the brown cow the coffee."

For the benefit of the young men who, were so kindly favored with the receipt for making apple pie, I send this one for pudding, hoping it will also prove a benefit.

Firstly, take an old hat, (your own will do,) but the pudding will be eaten with greater relish if the hat is the property of another, (a strolling lecturer's, for instance;) then take a handful of red pepper and put into the hat, and mix with a bottle of best black ink. The proof of this pudding is in the eating. And I would advise these young men to keep this preparation always on hand, as I have heard that it is excellent in cases of sudden cold or nightmare.

Eugene—"Come sit down on the shelly shore And hear the mighty ocean roar."

Amelia—"I can't sit down, you silly goose! Because I'd burst my pinback loose."

"Say, Sambo, did you ever see the Catskill mountains?" "No, I nebber did, but I have scen dem kill mice."

Nervous old lady says: "Oh! policeman! policeman! there's a strange dog that will stick to me and won't leave me, and I can't get rid of him. Couldn't you take him in charge, or something?"

Policeman, who doesn't like the job: "Very sorry, me'am, but we can't interfere with any dog so long as he's a tollerin' of somebody."

The testimony of a daughter of the parties to a recent Indiana divorce case seems conclusive. "Father got mad because mother starched his stockings. Mother picked up the stockings and hit father on the head with them, and they sounded like sticks of wood. Father then stuffed a hot wheat-cake down mother's throat, and then mother set the dog on father, and twisted the dog's tail to make him bite harder."

As the old saying is, we all have to live and learn. Especially, has that lady to learn something, who considers it a breach of etiquette to enquire at a grocery store for condensed milk. But the same lady does not consider it illmannered to enquire of the clerk, if he has a good sized pair of striped stockings in the store, (as I have heard.) As we all know she wears striped stockings, we may conclude that the report is true.

A member of the sanitary police force came across a boy, the other day, who was wheeling home a load of oyster cans and bottles, and curious to know what use the lad could put them to, he made a direct enquiry. "Going to throw them over into our back-yard," replied the boy. "I took two loads home yesterday." "But, what do you use them for?" "Oh! it's a trick of the family," grinned the boy. "How a trick?" "I'd just as lief tell," continued the boy, as he spit on his hands to resume his hold of the wheelbarrow, "we're going to have some relation from the country. We may not have much to eat, but if they see those cans, bottles and boxes, they'll think we've had isters, champagne, figs and nuts till we've got tired of 'em, and are living on bread and taters for a healthy change." The officer scratched his ear like a man who has received a new idea.

## BEAUTIFUL THINGS.

A spirit that harbors no malice, but forgives as it would be forgiven; a soft answer, given when the heart prompts a harsh one; the ready smile of a cheerful spirit, and the encouraging words to a time tired companion, are beautiful things to the eyes of angels.

"Is your name Jones?" asked a stranger, yesterday, as he pulled the bell of a Second street house, and got the man to the door. "Does it say Jones, on the door plate?" angrily enquired the man, pointing to his name on the plate. "Do those letters spell Jones?" "I duno," replied the stranger, as he got his nose down to the plate, "I'm no judge of spelling, and I know Jones lives in this ward somewhere."

When may a church be thought not to be pure?—When it is filled with stained windows.



# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., MARCH 22, 1878.

NO. 12.

MRS. F. H. MARTIN, . . . . . Editress  
MISS C. WILKIE, Assistant “

We have been brought to believe (by the diligent efforts of a working member of the society) that it was our duty to assume the responsibility of editing the Journal; and as it is with us as it was with the old lady, who once remarked, “I don’t never want to shirk no duty, ma’am;” we therefore accepted the office, though not without great misgivings as to our ability. We have been promised assistance from talented contributors, and we await their communications with patience.

The March wind that we have enjoyed for the last few days, is fast drying up the mud, and the roads will soon be passable again, when we shall expect a larger attendance at our weekly meetings.

We regret to learn of the misfortune of our valued contributor, W. D. Thayer. We fear he may soon be a fit subject for the Asylum at Northampton.

## HER LAST LETTER.

Written for the Armory Journal.

Hatfield, Nov. 17.

My dearest Charles,—my soul’s delight,  
I could not see you yestere’en.  
You must not visit me to-night,  
Darling—I dare not tell you why,  
But facts so wills it:—all is o’er—  
I keep my secret with a sigh,  
But in this world we’ll meet no more—  
And yet I love you just the same;  
But do not judge me as I seem.  
Forgive me Charley!—do not blame—  
Think of me only as a dream;  
For I am doomed to fade and die—  
We’ll meet, perhaps, some happier day.  
Visit my tomb,—but do not cry;  
Adieu,—Your poor distracted May.

P. S.—Charles, come to-morrow, anyhow!  
The doctor says it hardly shows—  
I’m not ashamed to tell you now,—  
I had a pimple on my nose!

I would say, that articles sent to me for publication, are blind to me unless accompanied by an explanation; so if I should chance to read anything that does not sound well in the ears of my hearers, or that hits a little too near home, pray, pardon me, and lay the blame, not upon the reader but upon the author.

The Calico dance at the Town Hall, last evening, was well attended, and was a very enjoyable affair; although the calicoes were few and far between—but then, you know calicoes are not becoming to some.

FOUND.—Strayed into my enclosure on the evening of the 19th of March, a pair of mules, attached to a heavy lumber wagon. The mules have escaped, but the wagon still remains. The owner can have it, by proving property and paying for this advertisement.

F. H. MARTIN.

FOUND.—A splendid place to slide down hill, slip up or fall over, just as you like. I think the coasting better in mud time, but it is death to wearing apparel, such as dresses, kid gloves, stockings, and other garments, (which please pardon us for not mentioning in these columns.) This sliding place is on the road from Sodom to the depot, just this side of the bridges. For further particulars, enquire of the quiet, little family over E. M. Graves’ store.

A gentleman, one day arranging music for a young lady to whom he was paying his attentions, said: “Pray, Miss D., what time do you prefer?” “Oh,” she replied, carelessly, “any time will do, the sooner the better.”

A bright boy wants to know, if by eating dates enough he will ever become an almanac.

“Now, papa, what is humbug?” said a little four-year-old. “It is,” replied papa, “when mama pretends to be very fond of me, and puts no buttons on my undergarments.”

Why is a man eating soup with a fork like lovers kissing each other?—Because they can’t get enough of it.



Talk about the rights of women! I think it about time that some one put in a plea for the poor, ill-used men. One young man in particular, is sadly abused. This young man a few days since,—with his usual gallantry,—invited a lady to ride with him, to save her a toilsome walk, and also, no doubt, for his own pleasure. Arrived at her destination, he politely assisted her to alight, re-entered his vehicle and was off. He went off backwards into the bottom of the wagon, and the seat followed to keep him company.

Now this young man is paying his devoirs (I believe that is the correct term,) to a bewitching, dark eyed damsel, who lives not far from the settlement. This young damsel, who witnessed the catastrophe at a distance, stood and laughed, yes, actually laughed. The sight was heartrending. I hope I may never witness another such.

And it appears that all the women abuse this young man; for I know of a party of eight, who one day entered his carriage and refused to give up possession, and he was obliged to carry them all home, at least he tried to, but the load was too much for the harness, so the ladies were obliged to walk the remaining distance. And here is another case of cruelty: I heard this same young man, say that he invited a lady to ride with him and attend a dance, and as he expressed it, "Darned if she didn't ride home with another fellow."

Now don't let us hear any more talk about the wrongs of the women while such instances as these are of daily occurrence.

Good, old Uncle Jabez said, one cold morning as he was hunting for matches, "When I die, I hope I'll go where I won't have to make the fire every morning." "You needn't fret about that," snapped his wife, "you'll find the fire all ready for you, never you fear."

"There's many a slip between the cup and lip." We think there's many a slip between the depot and shop.

"What gender is sugar?" asked a teacher of the grammar class. "What kind of sugar?" asked a boy. "What kind? what has that to do with it?" "Why, if it is maple sugar, it's feminine gender," said the boy. "Why feminine gender?" "Because you can't tell its age," promptly replied the boy.

"Only a lock of golden hair,"—

The lover wrote—"Perchance to-night  
It formeth on her pillow fair—  
A halo bright."

"Only a lock of golden hair"—

The maiden smiling, sweetly said,  
As she laid it over the back of a chair  
And went to bed.

"Sound," said the schoolmaster, "is what you hear." For instance, you can not feel a sound." "Oh, yes you can," said a smart boy. "John Wilson!" retorted the pedagogue, "how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?" "A sound thrashing," replied the boy. "Correct," said the schoolmaster, "come up!" And that smart boy felt and smarted.

A fool, a barber, and a bald headed man were traveling together. Losing their way, they were forced to sleep in the open air; and to avert danger, it was agreed to watch by turns. The lot first fell on the barber, who, for amusement, shaved the fool's head while he was sleeping. He then awoke him; and the fool raising his hand to scratch his head, exclaimed: "Here's a pretty mistake! you have awakened the old bald-headed man, instead of me!"

Look on the bright side. The essence of the beautiful and cheerful is in ourselves. It is our appreciation which makes this or that lovely. At a festal party of old and young, the question was asked, "Which season of life is the most happy?" It was referred for answer to the host, who was fourscore years of age. He asked if they had observed the grove of trees before his dwelling, and said: "When the spring comes, and in the soft air the buds are bursting on the trees, and they are sweet with blossoms, I think, how beautiful is Spring; and when the summer comes, and covers the trees with its heavy foliage, and singing birds are among the branches, I think, how beautiful is Summer; and by and by, when autumn loads them with golden fruit, and their leaves bear the gorgeous frost tints, I think, how beautiful is Autumn; and when winter has come, and there is neither foliage, fruit or bursting bud, then I look through the bare branches,—as I could not do before—and think, how beautiful are the stars in heaven."

Ah! what wealth of soul and mind has he, who can rejoice seasonably, and see good in everything.

A young man was heard to say: "My dear, won't you go to the Calico Ball, to-night?" "No, I guess not. I don't know how it is, I used to think a sight of dancing, but of late, it is so much more pleasant to take an evening walk or sit by the fire. You know when we have a village dance, the boarding Master and Mistress always attend, and you well know how pleasant it is to stay at home, crack jokes, eat peanuts, etc." "Yes, that is so." "How pleasant it will be, when we have a home of our own. Oh! how can you but be happy with your dear, little wife? There is only one thing I should wish for, besides you, to make home pleasant, and that is a canary bird; and I will name it after you, Dick. Oh! won't we be happy? You will leave that old wreck, the English Blower, won't you, dear?" "Of course, I have obtained a paying busi-

ness." "Oh! what can it be?" "I have bought out Binks, the plumber." "Then we will be happy."

### Wants.

WANTED.—To find something that will remove mud stains from white cotton cloth.

### Advertisements.

GEO. E. DAY & CO.,

Carpenters and Joiners, also, Tinsmithing. A large stock of shingle-nails kept constantly on hand.

Receipt for nightmare.—Take a late supper of roast cheese, pickle and mince pie.

A physician was called to see a man in H— who being asked if he hadn't taken something strange into his stomach, replied: "I believe I did. It must have been the glass of water. Haven't been so imprudent, doctor, for ten years."

It is a strange sight on a moonlight evening, to see a young man walking on the street with two young ladies, and with an umbrella over their heads. But stranger, still was it, to see him pass his arm around the waist of one of them.—As the Editress of the Journal was behind them, he might have known that it would get into the paper.—But the necessity of that embrace was explained, when the lady stumbled, and would have fallen, but for the kindly support of his protecting arm.

We hear complaints that some were very much annoyed last evening, and were forcibly reminded of the old nursery rhyme, "Rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,"—though the bells were on a watch chain.—I heard it remarked, that they make nice playthings.

### FIFTEEN O'CLOCK.

Lumpins and Boozle were on their way home one night from a convivial party, and, as the toasts which they had drank had been numerous, and as the beverage on this occasion had been somewhat stronger than Dr. Johnson's tea, their heads were not in a very perpendicular condition. In fact, their course was an extremely zigzag and uncertain one.

As they staggered onward, the bell of a neighboring church started to peal the hour of midnight. Lumpins stopped and caught hold of a lamp-post: "Hole on ole feller," he said to his companion, "le's see what (hie) time 'tis." Boozle also embraced the lamp-post, and they both counted the strokes of the deep-toned bell. "One—two—three—at this point, the clock of another church slightly behind the time of its neighbor, commenced to strike; and so nearly did its notes harmonize and time in with the other, that the dulled senses of our two adventurers did not catch

the double stroke. They counted on, loudly and in unison: "Eleven—twelve"—and without break of time or rhyme the belated clock kept on to finish its work, and the convivial knights kept on counting, "Thirteen—fourteen—fifteen."—"Fifteen o'clock," cried Lumpins, transferring his hold from the lamp-post to the shoulders of his companion. "I say, Boozle, I ken remember (hie) man an' boy, for (hie) nigh onto forty years, but (hie) bless me! if I ever before (hie) knew it to be so late as this."

We have read in history that the Germans were a strong, sturdy race of people, and now we have proof of it. We had supposed that a representative of that nation, who is in the employ of Hyde & Shattuck, had enough exercise for his muscle at his daily labor; but such, it seems, is not the case, as the heavy wagon, which was brought from the vicinity of the shop and left in a neighboring yard, will testify. We should not be surprised to hear that a young man like Mr. D—more should participate in the affair, as he is running at large, with no occupation for mind or body,—except now and then a family washing. I would recommend, that he be muzzled, as there is danger of his going mad if the present state of things continue. But we are surprised, that a party like S. S. should interest himself in it, as he is old enough to know better.

Pity the sorrows of a poor, young man, who sits down in a chair to be shaved, and finds that he has only five minutes in which to reach the depot, for the seven o'clock train to Hatfield.

At a Sunday-school, a teacher asked a little boy if he knew what the expression "sowing tares" meant. "Courth I doths," said he, pulling the seat of his breeches around in front. "There's a tear my ma sewed. I teared it sliding down hill."

A young man charged with being lazy, was asked if he took it from his father. "I think not," was the reply. "Father's got all the laziness he ever had."

It was in Worcester, Mass., that the class in geography were called up for recitation. "What is a cataract?" One bad young boy, an incipient fireman, answered, "A tub." "A what?" "An ingine; I've run with her lots of times."

Next: "What is a strait?" Class looked blank, except one small boy, way down, who said he could tell. The schoolma'am hopefully told him to proceed. He proceeded: "It beats two pair!" The response was not geographical; nevertheless, according to Professor Poker, it was correct.



# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., MARCH 29, 1878.

NO. 13.

MRS. F. H. MARTIN, . . . . . Editress  
MISS C. WILKIE, Assistant “

Our paper this week must necessarily be a stale affair, as there has been a great dearth of amusements and accidents. Most of our correspondents have been disabled or indisposed to assist us; and as our worthy friend so often appropriately remarks, the light of intelligence has not penetrated the obscure depths of our brain sufficiently, to enable us to discourse brilliantly and for the edification of our hearers. We must, therefore, beg to be excused, if we are dull and prosy.

Those who have been hailing gentle Spring, should be sure of their game before they crow. There is nothing certain in this world; and nothing so uncertain as the weather, except—perhaps—pay-day.

We hear complaints, that our Journal of last week was too long. To be sure, the regulation size, is two sheets of foolscap; but I am told by a reliable party, that my predecessors left long spaces between the items to help fill out, and that they did not write on the last page, either.

The business meeting of the G. A. Club, held at the little house in the lot, last Tuesday evening, was slimly attended; owing to the loss on the route, of the notices,—which we suppose, according to by-law, were sent to members of the club. But, however, the business on hand was, to the members present, satisfactorily adjusted.

Since writing our editorial, our correspondents have come forward, and we humbly beg pardon for reporting them as disabled.

FOUND.—In Armory Hall, last Sunday eve. a number of brainless animals, that would puzzle, even Darwin to classify. With difficulty, they were secured and sent to the Zoological Society in N. Y. We are anxiously awaiting their report.

Interesting.—Unwarmed halls are very good places to lay foundations for colds, coughs and coffins. Remedy for colds—ten handkerchiefs a day, applied to the nostrils. For coughs—one ounce of preventive. For coffins—health and life.

## DISCOURAGED.

It is easy to say, “Don’t give up the ship,” when sickness, sorrow and poverty passes by to knock at some other door; when home is the one, “safe, sweet corner” in all the world; then, is it easy to feel as if nothing could ever make you feel quite discouraged. This is a beautiful world, and there are lots of good things in it. Yes, many, many, live more in the shine than in the shadow of life; but there are so many, so many more, who have to buckle on their armor and spend their hearts’ blood in the daily strife. Such bitter trials as men and women do live through; such strains of heart and brain as they do bear up under; is it any wonder, that weary hands sometimes fall despondingly and weary heads bow discouraged? O, ye, whose paths are in the pleasant places, who never knew the lack of tender home-love and protection, exult in your happiness, and thank providence. But while you drink from your cup of life, such honey sweet draughts, give a thought now and then to those, whose daily portions savor so strongly of wormwood; and remember, that a kind word and helping hand,—which cost so little—may make lighter the burdens of some one almost discouraged.

I receive daily, many anxious enquiries from members of the society; ladies, especially. Generally, the question is, “Have you got anything in the paper about me?” but sometimes it is, “Have you got me in the paper?” Now, I don’t see how I can very well put anyone in the paper. To be sure, I might make a wrapper for their heads, as it is fools’-cap, you know; but they would probably take it as an insult. But I will do my best to accommodate and find an item in regard to them. I have already told you how one of them went home, one moonlight morning, with an umbrella over her head; but she says she expects something worse than that from a certain person, to pay her off for telling so many stories about him. I think she has reason to expect something worse; in fact, if report is true, he



says if he can only persuade her to sit on his knee again he will tell us all about it. And another young lady related an incident to me last Saturday, which was rather amusing. One day last summer, this young lady in company with two others about her age, (hearing that the paternal relative of a certain young man was in town engaged in painting a residence on the street, and that the young man was liable to be here,) started on an expedition with the express purpose of receiving a glance or nod from the young man. But the expedition was a failure; and they returned to their respective homes, footsore and weary. Indeed, she informs me that, her feet were so sore that she removed her shoes from her feet, went into the pantry, got a piece of bread and butter and some cookies, sat down on the doorstep to enjoy her luncheon and rest her weary limbs. No sooner had she taken a bite of bread and butter, than the aforesaid young man rode by, and politely tipping his hat, gave her a salute. She was so astonished and embarrassed, that she sat gazing at him with her mouth (I was about to say wide open, but she couldn't have done that, for the bread and butter would have fallen out, wouldn't it?) until he bowed the second time, when she returned it, thinking: Oh, what a fool I was, to go down there to see him, when I might have stayed at home and seen him.

I have also received enquiries from a gentleman, who, I think, is anxious to have his name read in public. But I shall have to disappoint him this week, as he is now one of the working class, and remarkably well behaved, so that no fault can be found with his conduct. Of course, he doesn't perform his daily task so well as some,—G. L. W., for instance, who, for fear of not doing well enough the first time, stocks his guns a second time.

### BUSINESS NOTICE.

Parcel Express.—Messages delivered to any part of Hatfield, on any evening, between the hours of 7 and 10 o'clock, for the small sum of 25 cents. Should any message be sent by me, to any residence in town where a good looking, accomplished, young lady resides, it will be delivered free of charge.

Seth R. Crooker.

☞ N. B.—This business is done on a Cash basis, as trust is dead in this place.

"Oh! what should I do if I didn't have a coat tail?" remarked a gentleman of our acquaintance. This is an odd remark for a person to make; but there was reason for it. You know housekeepers sometimes leave the stove lifter standing in the cover until it becomes quite hot. It was so in this case; and the gentleman after scorching his fingers, concluded that it would be more agreeable to scorch his coat tail than fingers. I have seen this same

gentleman so vexed at the stove-lifter, that he threw it across the room; though what the poor lifter had done, I couldn't see. I am sure, it was he who first offered his hand to the lifter, and what could the lifter do but return the compliment, and take hold of his hand with a (hot) iron grasp?

Pantomime upon the stage of life, as viewed from my back window.

Act 1st.—Scene, Mr. C.'s back yard.—Enter lady, and advance as if to gather an armful of wood—looks off behind the scenes—starts suddenly—drops her apron and runs—not stopping to go in the back way, but runs on around to the front.

Now, I never did enjoy a pantomime very well, as owing to the dullness of my comprehension, I can't understand them fully. It seems I didn't understand this; for, thinks I, she hears her baby cry; but it must be crying very hard, for she runs fast. But when the second act was performed, I must say, that if I never enjoyed one before, I did this.

Act 2d.—Same lady enters and advances to the wood-pile—bends down and begins to pick up the wood; but she keeps her eye turned off behind the scene, and once or twice starts as if to run. At last, she does run; but only gets into the shed door, when a black and white porker advances at the top of his speed, and stops suddenly at the wood-pile. He looks around in amazement, at not finding anybody there; but at last gives a satisfied grunt, as if to say, I am left in possession of the field, I am master of all I survey.

### BELLS AGAIN.

Those bells are a source of great anxiety to many, and to many, a source of amusement. We all know that S. S. got up a sly flirtation with a young lady in Armory Hall; rang the bell at her to attract her attention, and when she returned the compliment, was so elated, that he couldn't hold his paper and pencil, but laid them down on the floor. He wanted everybody to know that the young lady had taken notice of him, so he arose and told of it.

We advise S. S. when he escorts a young lady home from meeting, (a distance some less than five miles,) to muffle the tones of the bell, as on a clear, cold night, it can be heard a great distance. The parents of the young lady would be warned of his approach, and there would be no chance for him to stand at the garden gate to bid her good night; or, if the sound does not awaken the old folks, it will the children, who will peep out to see what's going on, and run to ma with the story, that they think S. S. must be mad with sister, as they saw him bite her on the cheek.

WANTED.—A man of superior mental and physical abilities, to teach a horde of almost wild, young males, (not yet men) to so conduct in the presence of others, that they may

be able to command their self respect, as well as the respect of others. To one who can provide hand-cuffs and muzzles for emergencies, a liberal salary will be offered.

Per order Committee.

## Entertainment Extraordinary!!

The Armoiy Journal feels happy in announcing that the first public performance of

### HYDE & SHATTUCK'S

—GREAT AMERICAN CIRCUS!—

Will take place in Hatfield, on Monday, Apr. 1st, 1878, on the grounds near Armoiy Hall. Performance to commence at 2 and 8 o'clock.

The management take pleasure in announcing that they have, at an enormous outlay of wealth, secured the following great array of talented artists and curiosities:

The Orchestra, under the leadership of the well known musician, Jerome Mead, Esq., will include the unrivaled cornet player, Frank Martin, who will play several solos; (so low that they can't well be heard by the audience.) Also, the far-famed violinist, Prof. Barnes, justly called the Ole Bull of America; and last but not least, the celebrated German Bass player, Charles Sirdel.

Prof. Rogers, in his stupendous flying trapeze act. Making a leap of 200 yards, and turning five somersaults in the air before reaching the ground. This feat has never before been attempted with success by any living man except the Prof., and is fully worth the price of admission to the entire show.

The only live Gorilla in the country—Tom Collins—will be on exhibition, safely secured in a strong, iron box.

Geo. E. Dasie, a native of Hindoostan, will give one of his unique performances with the stuffed club; also, in the Hindoo language, he will relate how his countrymen secure so many wives.

The world renowned Rat Catchers, Messrs. Thayer & Morley, will introduce their famous group of 100 trained rats; whose performances should be seen to be appreciated.

Those precious pair of Swiss Warblers, Wariner & Pearsall, will warble some duetts from Mother Goose melodies.

Those two educated mules, Charlie and Frank, will be shown up by their trainer, S. S. Rogers.

Corporal Joe Clarke, the ancient trapper and hunter, will give his experience among the Indians of South Deerfield.

J. E. Porter, in his terrible bare-back act, on his trained fiery steed, Mazeppa, bought at a recent sale for \$2.00.

Mr. S. R. Crooker, will explain the different acts in the French, Irish and Canadian lan-

guages, for the benefit of those in the audience who do not understand the English.

The great English Giant, A. Damon, will perform feats of remarkable strength.

The Armoiy Dramatic Club will murder Romeo and Juliet in two acts.

The two brothers, Frank & Louis Dinsmore, aged respectively, 5 and 7 years, in some ground and lofty tumbling.

The touching drama, Old Mother Hubbard, will be produced. Mother Hubbard, by a lady well known in this community, and the dog, by Mr. Hyde's canine, Fred.

John Doane, the most celebrated Clown of the Old and New World, has been engaged. His jokes and songs are always new.

Each performance will commence with a grand entree on horseback of the male and female members of the Debating and Go Ahead Club, dressed in the costume of the native Indians, led by R. P. Smith, Esq.

In case of accidents happening, the services of Dr. Burns have been secured, with his new improved instruments.

The entertainment will close with the new and grand pantomime of Cinderella and the Fairy, ending with a Phantom Dance by the whole company. Mrs. J. W. Madison, has very kindly condescended to take the part of Cinderella, and Miss Emma Harvey that of the Fairy.

Peanuts, roasted forty thousand feet under ground by the light of a diamond; to be sold on the ground, by Anthony Allair, Jr.

In a small side show near the main tent, can be found on exhibition the celebrated battle scarred veteran, Joe Coburn, with his beautiful Setters.—All for one cent! J. W. Goss, Proprietor.

There will be a street parade in the forenoon, by the Hatfield Brass Band, John Sanderson, leader. They will be accompanied by 1st Company of Hatfield Guards, composed of the best blood of Hatfield street; also by the Society of Reformed Drunkards, all under the command of R. H. Cowles, assisted by E. O. Thayer. They will be received by Major Shattuck and the Selectmen from the Town Hall steps.

The management, having learned that the ladies of the Go Ahead Club were on the verge of bankruptcy, with great generosity, they will devote the entire proceeds of the day towards relieving their necessities.

J. W. Madison, Master of the Ring.  
R. P. Smith, Esq., Business Manager.  
Willie Smith, Bill Poster.

General Admission, 5c. Reserved Seats, 10c.

Tickets to be had at the store of E. M. Graves.

Children under one year old not admitted.

N. B.—Should the weather prove stormy, it will be postponed for one year.



# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., APRIL 11, 1878.

NO. 14.

SETH R. CROOKER, . . . . . Editor

In undertaking the charge of the Journal, the Editor feels at the very beginning of his task that he has but little hopes of success. How could it be otherwise, following, as we do, in the footsteps of those whom, we feel it an honor to acknowledge—are so much our superior in intellect and literary ability?

But we were willing to do the best we could to keep up that—which has given all so much amusement and instruction the past few months. And we believe we only echo the sentiments of all, who attended the Lyceums and listened to all that has been read and said:—that no matter where we go or how much we are separated in the future, we shall look back on the winter of '77 and '78 as one of the bright periods of our existence; and think, that our leisure hours were spent not only pleasantly, but to our profit; that nothing has transpired that we may regret. We met, we may say, as strangers, but we part as friends; for many that have been with us, and helped and encouraged us, are already gone,—and our best wishes go with them.

And now we would ask the gentlemen of our club, has it not been better to spend our evenings and leisure hours in this pleasant and good way, than in frequenting those places where temptation is almost sure to overcome us, sooner or later; and in many cases, lead us so far on the road to ruin, that many of us might not find our way back, to honor and virtue?

PERSONAL.—The Editor of this paper feels that it will not be out of place

for him, as an almost stranger, to express his thanks for the uniform kindness and social hospitality he has met with from all in this place. He will ever remember Pistolville and its people with gratitude, and feel glad to meet them at any time and under any circumstances.

## STARTLING AND MYSTERIOUS!

A singular tale has been related to us, of the strange conduct of a young man well known in this immediate neighborhood, who was seen about 1-2 past 3 last Sunday morning, in front of his residence, performing in a very singular manner. When first noticed, he was coming from the shed adjoining his house, rolling a cider barrel, which he turned on end close to the piazza; then he returned to the shed and brought a second one, which he put on top of the first; then he brought a wash-tub, which he placed on barrel No. 2; then on the tub a saw-horse. After all this labor, he carefully mounted; first the barrels, then the tub, then the saw-horse; from which he reached the piazza-roof, opens a window and disappears.

Now, what does all this mean? The only solution we can give, is: That the young man must, in a state of somnambulism, have risen and gone out under the impression that he was to perform in the circus troupe. Of course, he could not have been making a call at such a late hour, although he was in full dress—[new overcoat and hat.]

## The Chronicles of Pistoltown.

A. D. 1878.

### CHAPTER I.

1 And it came to pass, in the reign of Ruth-erford, whose surname was Hayes, that many elders and wise men resided in that part of the country called Yankeedom.

2 Now, in the time of the shortest days, the elders were in a quandry how they might spend the hours of darkness, pleasantly as well as profitably.

3 They even called in the women, to consult with them; and they besought the governor of Pistoltown, whose surname was Porter, to give them the use of his temple.

4 After much importunity, he consented; and they all rejoiced, even to the least of them

5 ¶ In their gladness of heart, they went



unto the priest, and told *him*: and he rejoiced with them; and they besought *him* to join them, and he said:

6 "Amen; but we will first dedicate it unto the Lord."

7 And it found favor with all the people there about; and a great multitude assembled from near and afar; and they presented themselves before the Lord in their songs and praises, with both wind and stringed instruments.

8 And their voices went up with a great shout; even into the dome of the temple, and beyond, to the lofty elms, and rested, like a multitude of singing birds among the branches

9 And there was great rejoicing among them all.

10 ¶ And it came to pass, that when they considered the weakness of the temple, great fear and trembling fell upon them, lest some Sampson or Goliath should lay hold of the pillars and cast them into the river Kedron, or the coal and iron mines below.

11 But it came to pass, that the elders had caused it to be strengthened; and they all rejoiced therein.

12 ¶ And on a certain day, a man, whose surname was Parsons, had been restored from a terrible disease, which was afflicting many of the people; and for a remedy, he presented them with words and a blue ribbon, which they eagerly seized thereof.

13 And this disease was likened unto a serpent with many lives, which if not all destroyed, would again arise and seize its victims.

14 And many prayers were sent up for their deliverance.

15 And it came to pass, that *many* were restored and *some* were not; and the priests and people rejoiced with fear and great trembling.

16 ¶ And coming before the Lord with dancing, found favor in the sight of the people.

17 And on a certain night, a number clothed in white raiment, (having been purified through great tribulations) presented themselves before the Lord in dancing.

18 And there were those that played on the cymbals and timbals, with many other instruments of brass.

19 And on the first evenings of the week, they assembled for prayer and praise; so that the temple became very useful to the people; and the lights thereof were often seen from afar off.

And so endeth the 1st chapter.

### Advertisements.

#### MADISON & PEARSALL,

Hunters and Trappers. Dealers in Muskrat Skins and other Furs. They would inform the public. that for this season, they will pay as high as 4c. apiece for good rat-hides.

Man proposes,—but he is not always accepted.

A wag met a milkman the other day, and said he: "Bones, you ought to shingle those cows of yours." "What for?" said Bones. "To keep water from running into the milk."

Anyone desirous of learning the lively game of Sollitaire for their own amusement, can do so, by calling at the house of R. P. Smith, where two or three ladies, who are proficient in the art, will give them lessons.

The Phila. Bulletin says: "A boarding house mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points. The weak point being her coffee; and the strong, her butter.

The Masquerade on Tuesday, was highly enjoyed by all who attended;—also by those who looked in at the window. The costumes were of all descriptions; and we think it must have cost the wearers some hours of hard study to have invented them. Old ladies predominated; and snuff-boxes and feather-fans were the rage. Cuffie was present with Chapen's stove pipe, and created a sensation.

On the whole, it was a success; and thus ended the famous and pleasant Go Ahead parties for the season.

Fast-day, unfortunately, was stormy, which compelled many to stay in their homes; but quite a number of the men of Pistolville went on a fishing excursion. Most of them came back with fishermen's luck,—wet to the skin. Some, who returned later in the evening, were in such a soaked condition, as hardly to be recognized.—But still they seemed happy.

A minister the other day, asked a lady what could be done to induce her husband to go to church. "I don't know," said she, "unless you put a pipe and a jug of whiskey in the pew."

### LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

A bridal couple with more style about them than a grass widow, entered a hotel a few days since, for dinner.

They gave the dining room a mighty long look, by marching in at meal time, arrayed in their new clothes, with white kid gloves on; and when the landlord first saw them, he took one square look, set down his coffee-pot, went out into the kitchen and laughed until his eye-balls felt pained.

In that supreme moment, he felt that he was more than paid for all the trials, vexations, and unpaid bills he had encountered since he left the old farm.

When the dining-room girl got her face straight enough to get behind their chairs, and say: "Roast beef, pork, lamb, chicken or fish," the bridegroom said: "Cbicken and fish."

But the bride, with more presence of mind, for which her sex has ever been noted, said:

"Oh no! ducky dear, we can't take any of

that, you know, pidgy widgy, 'twould muss our gloves up; we'll have to take something that we can eat with our knives and forks."

"So we will, bonny blue eyes! What do you say to roast-beef, then, my huxy puxy? Can we go some of that, sweetie?" asks the happy man.

"No no! darling! its always tough, and we might splash the gravy and spoil our new clothes. Don't you see, honey-dew? Let us take lamb, pootsie! that's always tender. I don't care much about it, but it cuts so easy, lovey!"

"Well, I don't care, pussie, whatever you say; for I suppose we've got to keep up appearances. But drat my buttons! sugar lump, if I haven't got a confounded big notion to peel off these mittens and wade into some chicken and fish! for I am fond of it; and these things sweat my hands so, poosey oosey!"

"No no! never, goosey! Don't do that, for the world! Everybody will know we are from the country, and may be, dear, they will put us in the papers, hubby dear. Wouldn't that be awful?"

And the young wife had her own way about it,—as they always do.

The schoolmaster asked a pupil, "Can you decline a kiss?"

"Yes sir; but I don't like to."

It is easy to believe in hell, purgatory, and all such trifles; but what staggers a man, is: to hear a friend who has been married about a year, apologize for his sugar bowl being broken by a careless servant girl, when there is a strip of sticking plaster about three inches long on his own forehead.

We have received from another correspondent his version of the case of the strange doings of that young man on Sunday morning.

Stubby Will, the old temperance lecturer and horse-trader, started out last Saturday on a horse trading expedition. He wended slowly north in the direction of Sunderland, with his valise in his hand, to redeem his reputation as a horse-trader; but thinking the matter over, he concluded he had better not try that again for the present, as he had made some doubtful statements in his last course of lectures in that town, and it might make a bad matter worse.

As it was a fine night, and there being no mud in the lane, he thought he would call on his friend, Miss D., and spend a pleasant hour or two. But, as young men are wont to do, he took no note of time. It was in the small, wee hours when he said, "Good bye, my dear! Sweet dreams!" And then with his heart full of happy thoughts,—with rapid strides,—he put for his lonely den in the little house in the lot—one flight up.

When Stubby pitched up at his door, lo and behold! he was locked out! Not wishing to disturb his good neighbors, he sat down on the steps, and seemed to be in deep study for some moments; then, with the exclamation, "Here goes!" he made two or three attempts to shin up the post; but, after considerable damage to his pants, he gave it up.

He then looked around for some other mode of entrance. He then spied two barrels in the shed, which he quickly rolled out and placed on top of each other, near the piazza. He then scrambled to the top of the barrels and tried to jump on to the roof of the piazza; but just then, the head of the barrel fell in, and down went poor Stubby into the barrel; then, in trying to get out, over goes both barrels, kerslap, and poor, Stubby Will was laying on the ground with his mouth full of mud and dirt, thinking—well, 'twas not of his fair lady, you may believe,—He muttered over a few words, more forcible than polite, which we think it best not to repeat in the columns of this paper.

After finding his new hat, and brushing off the dirt from his \$500 overcoat, he made a second attempt. This time, he placed a board on the barrel; then two half-barrels; then a saw-horse and saw. This time, he was successful, and the curtain dropped.

Now, poor Will is trying to solve this conundrum:—

If it takes two cider barrels, two half-barrels, one saw-horse and saw, to get into the window of a one-story house, how many will it take to enter a six-story mansion in Springfield, Vt.?

There was a noble youth, on being urged to take wine at the table of a famous statesman in Washington, had the moral courage to refuse. He was a poor, young man, just beginning the struggle of life. He brought letters to the great statesman, who kindly invited him home to dinner.

"Not a glass of wine?" said the great statesman in wonderment and surprise.

"Not one single glass of wine?" echoed the statesman's beautiful and fascinating wife, as she arose, glass in hand, and, with a grace that would have charmed an anchorite, endeavored to press it upon him.

"No," replied the heroic youth, resolutely, gently repelling the proffered glass.

What a picture of moral grandeur was that! A poor, friendless youth, refusing wine at the table of a wealthy and famous statesman, even though proffered by the fair hand of a beautiful lady.

"No," said the noble young man, his voice trembling a little and his cheeks flushed, "I never drink wine," (but here he straightened himself up, and his words grew firmer,) "if you have got a little good old rye whiskey, I don't mind trying a snifter."



# THE ARMORY JOURNAL.

VOL. I.

HATFIELD, MASS., APRIL 20, 1878.

NO. 15.

SETH R. CROOKER, . . . . . Editor

Pistoltown, Apr. 18, 1878.

With this week's issue, the Journal comes to an end, at least, for the present, and probably to many of us, forever.

But we shall, my friends, often recall to ourselves the many witty things that have been read from its columns by its able and efficient Editresses, and we shall all remember those ladies, who so kindly and ably, at different periods, conducted it. To them, the Debating Club owe much; for in many cases, we know they had very little, if any, help from the men; but always on the evening appointed, it came out fresh and sparkling, brim full of wit and sarcasm.

First, came the sedate Mrs. Madison, whose able articles were so much enjoyed by all; then the quiet Mrs. Damon, whose acknowledged literary ability added so much lustre to its pages. She was followed by the modest Miss Julia D., who labored so hard and was so successful in making the paper all that could be expected, with the support she had. And last, but by no means least, comes Mrs. Martin, "Our Polly," who with her keen relish for humor, and the happy manner in which she read to us the bright gems she had collected or written for our amusement;—to her, and to all those who contributed to the Journal,—our thanks are due.

And now, the Journal bids you all good bye! trusting and wishing all, every success in this life and perfect peace beyond the river.

Reaching after the unattainable.—A man feeling up under the back of his vest for the end of a parted suspender.

Editor of the Armory Journal:—

Please insert the following in your next issue of the Journal.

The individual who gratuitously advertised in the Journal of last week the Smith family as being particularly well qualified to instruct young men in the art of playing the game of cards, (styled by him, "Solitude,") having taken lessons himself, should know from experience, as to their ability to teach that game—and something else too.

He selected as his teacher, the youngest of the three ladies he mentioned; who, after faithfully endeavoring to initiate him into the mysteries of the game, has given up in despair of ever accomplishing her object. She says it is owing to the wonderful thickness of his "cranium," and the general incapacity of his mind, which he seems unable to control in her presence. His thoughts are constantly wandering from the business in hand, and dwelling upon various dances, sugar eats, etc., to which he invariably invites her, and which she as invariably declines to attend in his company.

He was, evidently, more interested in his teacher than in the game; but having at last discovered that his killing glances, (over the card board) and his elaborate toilet and general personal appearance had no effect upon her, he has given up both games in disgust; and in "Solitude" he now ponders upon the disappointments of this life, and in particular upon the obduracy of the female heart.

The ladies of the Smith family advise him to stick to his role of "Cuffie," as nature has bountifully endowed him with all the mental and physical characteristics necessary for its successful delineation.

Yours, Sollitaire.

## ODDS AND ENDS.

Why does the wife of the reformed man rejoice?—Because the husband doesn't liquor any more.

The young ladies say there is too much collar and too little young man, in the present style of neck-wear.

"When I die," said a married man, "I want to go where there will be no snow to shovel."  
"I presume you will," replied his wife.

They were at a pic-nic. On the grounds was a stand for the sale of watch-charms.

"Oh George!" said she, "buy me a charm."  
"Sadie," said he, "you have too many now."



A friend of ours had the rheumatism, and in half an hour he learned of the following cures for it:— Iodine of potassium, quinine, glauber salts, onions, raw silk, oil silk, tansy and gin, turkish bath, a potato in the pocket, an eel-skin tied around the leg, a suit of red flannel, chloroform, hot water, cold water, hot whiskey, a trip south, a dry atmosphere, equal temperature, sulphur baths, mustard and hot water, camphor, liniment, and electricity.

There is something noble about a goat which all boarders might imitate.—He is not particular what he feeds upon.

In purchasing an umbrella, always select a blue ribbed-one, as it is the blue ribbons that keep a man dry.

Women are generally pretty smart, but they can't hold a candle to a can of kerosene with safety.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Will is informed, that it is our opinion, that the young lady who stole his umbrella that rainy night, expected that he would have called on her the next eve. for it. Next time, young man, take the hint.

S. S. R.—We do not think it just in style, to wear a white vest at this season, when you go to have your fortune told by that pretty Gypsy Sunday nights. White vests are conspicuous in dark nights.

Miss H. H.—Is answered, that she did just right, in not accepting the young man's invitations, if she did not so choose. She has a perfect right to wear bells in her ears and rings on her toes, if she sees fit.

Editor of Journal:—Please insert the following advertisement in your paper.

### Lost or Stolen.

An ancient Cobweb. The finder, will be suitably rewarded with a box on the ears, on calling and leaving said cobweb at the home of Miss R. M. Kingsley, No. 4798, Broadway, (Hill district) or at the residence of Miss Sadie Dinsmore, 47, Railroad Ave., near the Temple.

### "THE GREATEST ANCIENT POET OF MODERN TIMES."

The Detroit Free Press has weekly reports of the transactions of "The Lime-Kiln Club," which is composed of colored gemmen of the whitewashing persuasion. Here is an extract:

"What I was gwine to re-mark about dis time," said Brother Gardner, as Paradise Hall quit sneezing and coughing, "was de fact dat we has entered into anodder y'ar. De ya'r 1877 am laid on de arkives ob de shelves, dar to moulder an' pine away forever. De epyisode of

1878 am arroved, an' she comes up to de mark wid de smile of a 'possum. Communicashuns 'tended for dis club mus' be dated 1878 after dis, an' dis audience mus' leave de pas' behin' it an' gallop forward to de unknown foocher. How many of us may own a bank, or be lyin' in de peaceful tomb one y'ar from date, I bez no pencil handy to calkerlate; but I wishes de club peace, riches, chickens, an' de lowest prices eber knowed on whitewash brushes, ulster-marine an' lime. Doorin' de pas' week I digested to Brudder Walpole de ideah of dashin' off a few poetry on de subject ob de old y'ar an' de new, an' I reckon de gemlen has implied."

### "THE OWED."

Sir Isaac rose up with the stern dignity of an Indiana constable, carefully unfolded a sheet of foolscap, and with a look around the hall to command silence, he settled his feet and began:

#### WAY OFF DAR.

By Sir Isaac Walpole. R. T.

"Whar's de ole year, brudder—  
Whar's de good ole year?"

It's way off dar,  
As black as tar.

Now drop the bustin' tear—  
She's gone—de ole, ole year.

"Whar's de ole year, brudder—  
Whar's de good ole year?"

De ole year's fled—  
De ole year's dead—

She's restin' on de bier—  
Anodder date am heah.

"Whar's de ole year, brudder—  
Whar's dat seventy-seven?"

She's gone to rust—  
De hoops did bust—

And de year has gone to Heaben—  
From whence de same was giben.

"'Bout dis new year, brudder—  
What ar' you gwine to do?"

Ar' ye gwine to stay  
Till de fadin' day

Puts anodder year on you—  
Turnin' de black ha'r blue?"

"'Bout de new year, brudder—  
Will ye be'n upright man?"

I reckon ye will,  
An' wid all my fill,

I wish ye may live out de span,  
An' succeed in mos' ebery plan."

[\*Note by the poet—White wouldn't rhyme.]

There wasn't a dry eye in the hall as the poet closed his eulogy and dropped back on the unplanned bench. More than a dozen members shed tears out of both eyes at once, and others blew their noses and tenderly said:

"All dat man needs am a suit ob store close an' a pair o' sleeve buttons to make him the greatest ancient poet o' modern times!"

## The Chronicles of Pistoltown.

A. D. 1878.

## CHAPTER II.

1 On the fifth day of each week, many men and women, and even children, did gather at the temple to discuss great and interesting subjects; both political and social.

2 And there was much controversy between them.

3 And among the disputants, there were many men of great renown; and behold, there were the Porters, the Graves, Days, Thayers, Warriners, St. Matthews, Crookers, Dickinsons, Rogers the Martyr, Burns the Poet, Barton the great Physician, and many more distinguished men.

4 ¶ And there was a Journal which the women did edit and read; and there were readings and declamations, not a few.

5 And they did all labor with great zeal, and found it very good.

6 ¶ And it came to pass, that a certain good man, whose surname was Coburn, did from his vineyard lose a squash, which loss did grieve him sorely.

7 And he went unto the elders and judges of the land, and they did sit in council with twelve other men of wisdom, besides a great multitude of people, who came to hear.

8 And many *true* words were spoken, and some that were *not*.

9 And in their great wisdom, they decided that one Doane, a notorious thief, had carried

it off in the darkness and had eaten thereof; yea, even so much, that he was made sick, and did send for the man of science, Burns, who did with his wonderful instruments relieve him.

10 And behold, while the wise men did sit in the temple, the squash did descend from the dome thereof, as from Heaven.

11 And there arose a great shout from the people; and many covered their faces and exclaimed, It is a *miracle*.

12 And all went their way rejoicing.

13 ¶ A certain person, named Anntoine, did pitch his tent north of the river Kedron.

14 And much goods did he possess and offer for sale;—nuts, fruits, and candy, desirable to look upon and sweet to the taste.

15 And also did he provide a liquid to wash it down, which was pleasant to the taste but very bitter in the stomach, and which did cause the head to swim and the steps to falter.

16 And the people were sorely vexed.

17 And certain women, with sad faces, did appear at the door of his tent and beseech him with words, songs, and prayer, to withhold the evil—and he withheld—and they were glad.

18 And all the country rejoiced with exceeding great joy.

19 And he returned to honorable labor; and he and his household were greatly blessed.

20 And Pistoltown did prosper greatly, and the angel of peace did reign throughout the land unto this day.

And thus endeth the book.

#2013-18-01





